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Issue

No. 851

7 Cents

**FAME**

AND

**FORTUNE WEEKLY.**

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

**AFTER A MISSING MILLION  
OR THE TREASURE OF THE WRECK**

*AND OTHER STORIES By A Self-Made Man*



"Help! Help!" cried Jack, springing out of the hold of the wreck, followed by three hard-looking fellows, one dressed in convict stripes, who tried to seize him. Dick, waiving his club and attended by Sam, rushed to aid him.



# FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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## After a Missing Million

### OR, THE TREASURE OF THE WRECK

By A SELF-MADE MAN

#### CHAPTER I.—At Calcutta.

"I wonder how long we're going to be stuck here?" said Jack Hunter, gazing out of the open window of a Calcutta wine shop at the kaleidoscopic scene of Hindoo life depicted on the street outside.

"Search me!" replied his companion, Dick Slade, with a yawn, due both to the heat and the ennui of their situation.

"Those coolies are the most exasperating lot of rascals that ever walked on two feet," growled Jack. "Because one of their number was accidentally killed while at work loading the ship the whole bunch quit then and there, with a half unloaded lighter alongside, and though the skipper has scraped the water front with a fine-toothed comb, he can't get others, not even one, to take their places."

"And the accident happened over a week ago," said Dick. "We've been boycotted by the whole coolie fraternity, and the lines are drawn tight as a drum. We're actually helpless. I think it's an outrage, but the British authorities can't do anything to help us out. They can't make a coolie, or anybody else, work if he won't. In fact, there's no law anywhere that will compel a man to work against his will. That's why there are so many loafers in the New York City parks in summer. And New York isn't the only place where a lazy man would rather bum around than make himself useful to the community."

"But in New York, even in the case of a general strike of the longshoremen, you can always find strike breakers ready to jump into other men's shoes; but here, with no strike, except on our vessel, we can't get a coolie for love or money under the circumstances."

"There's some sort of freemasonry among them, that's sure. They've got us dead to rights. The captain will have to come up with a bunch of money for the widow and her kids, although the rascal met his death through his own carelessness, or not another lighter will come alongside the ship."

"It's lucky it's only a matter of money nowadays. Years ago the ultimatum with the coolies was not money, but a life for a life. Unless the skipper of a vessel in the same predicament as we are gave up a member of the crew to be put to death by the rascals, his ship would have to lie idle in the muddy waters of the Houghley."

"You don't mean that, do you?" said Dick.

"I do mean it. I've read of a case where the captain, driven to his wits' end under the circumstances, put it up to his men to draw lots among themselves to decide which one of them should be sacrificed for the general good. The man who drew death was handed over to a committee of the coolies, who took him ashore and half an hour later returned him a corpse. Then the ban on the ship was lifted and the coolies returned to work."

"And did the British authorities stand for that sort of thing?" said Dick.

"Apparently they had to."

"I'm mighty glad that custom has been done away with. From the looks of things the captain will have to pony up if the vessel is to finish getting her cargo."

"I'm thinking he will, but at the present moment he has no intention of submitting to the extortion. He told the chief mate he'd see the scoundrels in a hotter climate than Hindustan before he'd knuckle down to them, and he's a pretty stubborn old gent when his monkey's up."

"If he sticks to that, our chances of parboiling in Calcutta for some time to come are good. I'm sick of the place. We've seen all that's worth seeing, and enough is as good as a feast."

"If we could get in with some people who would invite us to their houses in the suburbs we might manage to worry along pretty comfortably; but as we're only looked upon as common sailors there's not much chance of anybody of importance taking us up."

"It serves us right for running away from school and shipping to sea. What we put up with at the Academy isn't a circumstance to what we've had to submit to since we signed aboard the Morning Glory, and our fo'castle companions say we've had an easy time at that. Mike Clancy told me he's seen youngsters, and men, too, hazed almost to death by mates whose brute instincts came to the fore the moment their ships got into blue water."

"Don't talk about it, Dick. It makes me feel sore when I think what donkeys we were. The stories of the sea we were so fond of reading painted things in a different light. I guess the authors didn't know the real facts. Their heroes had things pretty much their own way. Wait till we get back. I'll write a story that will make boys' heads swim."

"It wouldn't sell worth sour apples, then. Are we going to stay here the rest of the day?"

"Do you know any place where it's cooler?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"In the river, where the sun doesn't hit you."

"Thanks for the information. Where do you want to go?"

"Let's go to the public library and read the papers."

"All right. Anything to be obliging," said Jack.

The British public library was some blocks away, but they got there after a slow walk, which they varied by peeping into the stores as they passed along. Dick got hold of the morning's *Calcutta Times*, while Jack contented himself with a *Bombay* daily, two days old.

## CHAPTER II.—Bill Blaine.

The boys remained an hour at the library. Then they sauntered up the Chowringhee Road as far as the Lord Clive Hotel. They went into the billiard room and sat there a while watching a couple of young Englishmen playing pin pool. When they came out on the street again it was late in the afternoon, and the heat was a bit tempered by a salt breeze from the harbor. As they set their faces in that direction, Jack said:

"What's the use of going aboard to eat? I'm sick of the ship. We are at liberty to stay ashore as long as we please, so I propose we get our supper at an eating house. We've sampled a couple of the Hindoo restaurants, and I have no fault to find with the grub they serve."

"I'm with you. We can get a coolie to put us aboard any time. That's about the only favor we can get out of them. They don't seem to have any hard feelings against us chaps individually—their grouch is against the ship," said Dick.

So the boys made their way to an obscure eating house on a side street where they had been before, and knew that the proprietor spoke English quite well. They ate their supper leisurely at a table beside an open window where their faces were fanned by the air that came up the street. When Jack paid the proprietor he grinned in a friendly way, for he remembered their faces, and handed them each a rude kind of native cheroot, and invited them to call again.

Once more they sallied forth on the streets and strolled aimlessly along, looking at the sights that were becoming familiar to them. No one paid any attention to them, for sailors of all nationalities were too numerous in Calcutta to attract any special notice from the inhabitants. Darkness fell upon the town, and lights of all kinds flashed out in the shops and buildings. By and by they came to a building that they learned was the Allapore jail, and close to it was the zoological gardens. The gardens were lighted up and they went in for the fun of the thing. They found a bunch of people there, and more kept dropping in all the time.

They were chiefly Englishmen, well dressed, and sociably inclined. The boys learned there was to be a smoking concert there that evening, so they remained in the back ground. It was after ten when Jack and Dick left the gardens and

started for the water front, where they knew they would find a boatman at any hour ready to take them off to their ship for a small payment. The boys had never remained in Calcutta after dark before, and though they knew the direction they must take to reach the water, the narrow streets, not always straight, or regular in their turnings, puzzled them not a little, and instead of getting to the landing they aimed for, they took wrong turnings and finally found themselves in a low part of the town, mostly inhabited by coolies and low-caste Hindoos.

A hard-looking man, reeling down the street, lurched into them. They drew aside to avoid him, but the fellow seized Jack by the arm with a grip that couldn't be shaken off, and leered into the boy's face. It was easy to see that he was a sailor, and he had a wicked eye that did not speak well for his character.

"Shipmate, well met," he said, in a thick tone. "I can see with half an eye that you're not a blasted Johnny Bull. You're from the States, aren't you?"

"Yes, we're Americans," replied Jack. "What do you want with us?"

"You're sailors, too, aren't you? I can smell the fo'castle on your clothes."

"Yes," admitted Jack, wondering if their clothes really smelt of the ship.

"What ship, my hearty?"

"Morning Glory, of New York."

"Mornin' Glory, eh?" and the fellow chuckled. "That's the craft that's held up by the coolies 'cause Singh Small got his head smashed by a tackle block."

"Yes."

"Your skipper will pay or stay—there ain't no middle course."

"I suppose so, but he'll make a good fight before he gives in."

"Won't do him no good. I know the cusses. It's an iron-clad rule with them when one of them's killed to put a stiff price on the vessel, and until it's paid there's nothin' doin'. The authorities can't do a thing. It used to be worse, as I s'pose you've heard. It took a long time to make 'em agree to take money instead of a life, and they stick to the new rule as stiff as they did to the old one. What you doin' down this way? Lost your way, or are you bound for Nigger Sal to borrow money on your wages?"

"Who's Nigger Sal?" asked Jack, with some curiosity.

"Doesn't she do your ship's washin'?"

"You mean the captain and the mate's?"

"Of course. Foremast hands do their own washin' generally."

"I couldn't tell you who does the cabin laundry. It's sent ashore to somebody."

"You can gamble on it Nigger Sal does it. She boards every ship that comes here and contracts for the washin'. Every skipper knows her and expects to do business with her. If you ain't seen her, come with me an' I'll introduce you to her. She keeps a sailors' boardin' house down the street. I've got a room there, and my credit's good at the bar. If you're short of the rhino and want a ten-spot she'll let you have it if you promise to pay her twenty before the ship leaves port."

"No, we don't want any money—yet."

"You'll want it before long if your skipper holds out a while longer against the coolies, so come along and make the old gal's acquaintance, then she'll know you when you come again."

The boys didn't care to receive an introduction to Nigger Sal, but the sailor maintained his grip on Jack, and it was impossible to give him the shake. He pulled Jack along, and Dick followed. While Nigger Sal's place was known as a boarding-house, it had an evil reputation among the police. Men who were known as crooks hung out there, and dark deeds were enacted in the alleys in the neighborhood, but nothing could ever be brought against the big strapping negress who was the boss of the coop. The boys had never heard anything about Nigger Sal, and so were unaware of the character of the establishment the strange sailor was leading them to. Entrance to it was had down an alley, though the building itself faced the narrow, obscure street, but no door opened on the thoroughfare, only a succession of windows looked out on it from the ground floor and two upper ones. The entrance itself was about thirty feet down the alley, and led directly into the low-ceiled, unsavory-looking bar-room where Nigger Sal was usually to be found dispensing liquor to a numerous bunch of customers, for the place was popular with the worst elements of Calcutta. The bar-room had half a dozen exiles besides the public entrance. Half of these had been made for the benefit of persons who wanted to make a quick getaway in case the police came there looking for them. The other three exits communicated with the living apartments of the proprietress on the ground floor, and with the stairs leading to the floors above. Neither Jack nor Dick liked the look of the alley when they came to it, and hung back.

"Come on, my hearties. You needn't be afraid as long as you're with me. It's a tough joint, I'll allow, but once Nigger Sal puts the sign on you you're safe to come and go when you please. Nobody connected with the ships she washes for ever gets hurt in her place if they don't look for trouble."

As the sailor held on to Jack, the lads felt obliged to see the thing out, for the sailor was evidently determined to have his way, and as they were in a bad locality, they judged that the easiest way was the best. They did not dream that this adventure was going to have a powerful influence on their fortunes—that it was but the beginning of a string of adventures that was to lead to astonishing results. A few minutes later the three entered the smoky bar-room, lighted by a couple of reflector lamps that stood where they could, if need be, quickly extinguished. The sailor led them up to the small bar behind which stood a powerful-built mulatto woman—a regular Amazon in appearance, and not bad looking. She was dressed with some taste, in subdued colors, and wore huge circular earrings, and a handsome diamond on one hand. The boys were favorably impressed by her looks, for they had expected to see a dirty, flat-nosed, bulky negress, of a very low order of intelligence. Nigger Sal was not as nice as she appeared to be. She could swear like a trooper, and she did

not greatly mind what expressions or sentiments escaped her full round lips. At the same time she knew how to curb her propensities when she visited the ships looking for custom. Then she would joke with the mates and talk sweet to the captains. She made herself particularly popular on board of naval vessels, for from them she got lots of work. The washing and ironing was carried on in a separate building in the rear of the main one, and the help was altogether coolies, expert at the business. Altogether, this woman did a big trade between her two establishments, and was accounted wealthy. She was never molested by the police, who probably had her record down fine, while she never interfered, apparently, with them in the execution of their duty. A sort of armed neutrality existed between them. The police had free access at any hour of the day or night to her place, but they did not expect any aid from her. They knew she harbored criminals, and protected them as far as she dared, and they knew she couldn't be bought over to betray one, even if she didn't care for the fellow. It was this fact that made Nigger Sal solid with the worst of the worst.

"Sal, let me interduce two hands from the Mornin' Glory. I'm showin' 'em round. They're friends of mine and I want you to treat 'em right."

The woman showed a fine set of white teeth as she gave the boys a smile of welcome. She saw with half an eye that they were above the ordinary grade of foremast hands, and she always took to persons of superior appearance, for she wasn't often treated to their company in her own stamping grounds.

"Glad to know you, my lads," she said, familiarly. "What'll you drink?"

"We don't drink anything stronger than light wine," said Jack, wondering what effect this statement would have on her.

The sailor gasped at the boy's words, for it was unusual to him, but Nigger Sal merely smiled good-naturedly, and said she kept a light wine for her own use, and they should have some.

"I s'pose it's rum for you, Bill Blaine?" she said, passing a bottle to the sailor.

"It ain't nothin' else, Sal. I was weaned on it," he added, with a grin.

The woman filled three small glasses with the wine, which nobody drank in that place but herself, and all drank.

"Now, Sal, if these chaps want a loan at any time, I reckon it's a safe proposition. The Mornin' Glory is likely to stay some time from the present outlook."

Nigger Sal knew all about the trouble the ship was in. In fact, all Calcutta knew it, for the papers had reported the facts and made their comments. She smiled and told the boys that any time they ran out of cash she would feel proud to supply the needful on her customary terms. Jack said they would remember her offer, and then remarked that he guessed it was time for him and his companion to get back to their ship, for it was after eleven.

"You've got all night before you, my hearties," said the sailor, who was not disposed to part from them yet a while.

The boys looked at each other. They were not in the habit of keeping late hours, and they certainly did not want to keep them in Bill Blaine's society. But what were they to do? If they tried to tear themselves away the sailor might get ugly. He was not a customer whose feathers could be rubbed the wrong way with impunity.

"Come up to my room, my hearties. I've a yarn I want to spin you. It's a yarn that'll make your hair curl," said the sailor, taking Jack by the arm again.

"Let it go till to-morrow. We want to get aboard and turn it," said Jack.

"To-morrow may be too late, shipmate. I've been keepin' this yarn a matter of ten years waitin' for the right chap to come along and hear it."

"It must be a wonderful yarn, then."

"It is. It's a yarn of a million in money," he said in a whisper, after drawing the boys aside.

### CHAPTER III.—The Story of the Treasure Wreck.

"A million in money!" exclaimed Jack.

"Not so loud, shipmate," cautioned Blaine. "I don't want anybody to hear about it 'cept you chaps. I've taken a fancy to you chaps, and if you've got the nerve to take a trip with me up through the Ganges swamps I'll make your fortunes, and the three of us'll go back to the States like real gents."

The idea of taking a trip anywhere, much less than the swamps of the Ganges River, was not particularly enticing to either Jack or Dick. The man's remarks, however, indicated that he had a line on a large amount of money hidden somewhere in the said swamps, and the bare idea of a treasure hunt fired the imaginations of both boys.

"Let's hear his yarn," said Dick. "I guess it won't take him long to spin it."

"We'll hear your story, Blaine," said Jack.

"I thought you would, and I reckon when you've heard it you'll want to make the trip that'll line your trousers with more yellow boys than you can spend in twenty years, try as hard as you can. Come up to my room and I'll tell you things that'll make your mouths water or my name ain't Bill Blaine."

They accompanied him to a small room on the top floor at the back of the house, overlooking the laundry building. It was a bright night, a crescent moon hanging low in the distant sky. The stars seemed more numerous and to shine brighter than in the more temperate northern zone in which the boys were brought up. The night breeze was invigorating after the heat of the day, and it had full swing around Bill's window. The sailor shut the door, told the boys to perch themselves in the window, and drawing up the only seat in the room, a three-legged stool, sat down, produced his pipe, filled and lit it, and then began as follows:

"When I said my yarn was about a million in money I didn't tell you chaps no more than the truth, as I reckon you'll agree when I'm through."

"A million is a lot of money," said Jack.

"A matter of twenty lacs of rupees," nodded the sailor.

"The money is in the currency of this empire, then?"

"Naturally, my hearty, seein' as the gold came from Delhi and the treasury of the Rajah, Ram Rusti."

"Can't say that I've ever heard of that gent," grinned Dick.

"Maybe not, shipmate. He's been dead all of thirty years."

"Did he ship the gold you're talking about?" said Dick.

"The facts show that he did," said the sailor.

"To whom? The British?"

"No; to the Nawah of Hyderhead."

"Who was he?"

"I don't know who he was. All I know is that Ram Rusti owed him the million and shipped it to him in the Kohinoor, that was the name of the vessel he chartered to carry it down the Ganges."

"Well, what happened to the vessel?" asked Jack.

"Do you know what a bore is?"

"A boar!" put in Dick. "Sure, It's a wild hog."

The sailor gave a sniff of disgust.

"I don't mean that kind of a boar. I mean a bore—b-o-r-e."

"The only kind of a bore spelled that way I know of is the act of making a hole either in a piece of wood or metal, or in the ground—"

"Simpleton, your education has been neglected. A bore is a tidal wave of great height and force formed at the mouths of some rivers where, owing to obstructions by bars and the form of the channel, the whole of the flow, after bein' detained, comes in in one rush of water, or in two or three big waves following each other, and carries everything before it, just as a broom sweeps a pile of dirt away at one swoop," explained the sailor.

"Oh!" ejaculated Dick, much enlightened.

"I know what you mean, but I didn't get on at first," said Jack. "I've read about those kind of tidal waves, and I believe I've heard them called bores, but it seems more natural to call them by the other name. They sometimes occur at the mouth of the Amazon, in South America, at the Hoogley and Ganges in this country, and at the Tsien-tang River in China."

"Right you are, my hearty," nodded the sailor, blowing a cloud of smoke. "Well, one of them tidal waves met the Kohinoor near the mouth of the Ganges, and—that was the end of her."

"She went to the bottom with the million in money," said Jack.

"No, she didn't. She was carried up the river, the way she came, for some distance, and then flung into the swamps, where she lies to-day, hard and fast in the mud, or on some sandy spit, and the million in gold is in her hold waitin' for us kind of chaps to come along and take charge of it."

"Is that a fact?" said Jack, intensely interested, as was also his companion.

"It's a fact—as much of a fact as we three

sittin' in this room, and I'm tellin' you the story," said the sailor, knocking the ashes out of his pipe and refilling it for another smoke.

"Whereabouts in the swamps is the wreck of the Kohinor?"

"About sixty or seventy miles from the mouth of the river."

"Didn't the Rajah search for the lost vessel? I should think he would when there was so much money aboard of her."

"I reckon he did, but it's quite certain he didn't look in the right place. As no sign of her was seen anywhere along the river after the bore was over, it was naturally supposed that she reached the Indian Ocean before the bore got her, and she foundered in deep water."

"Didn't anybody escape from her to carry the news?"

"Not a soul, or else that there million in money would have been recovered."

"How long ago did this thing happen?"

"Something like forty year."

"Forty years ago?"

The sailor nodded.

"And none of the natives have come across the wreck in all that time?"

"It ain't a likely place for the natives to go snoopin' around. The swamps are almost entirely surrounded by a dense jungle, full of tigers, jackals, cobras, and other livestock of their kind. I opine that when the ship fetched up in the place where she's been all these years that most of her people were alive aboard. If they'd had a boat left they could have saved themselves most likely, but when they started out to escape through the jungle on foot, I reckon the snakes and the wild animals got 'em. At any rate none of them ever showed up."

"How came you to learn about this treasure ship, and where is she?" asked Jack, beginning to feel some doubts about the sailor's veracity.

Blaine eyed the boy for nearly a minute before he replied, and Jack wondered if he was trying to concoct some reasonable answer.

"I don't like to tell you, shipmate, for fear you might get cold feet," he said.

"How?"

"I got my information from a sailor who actually saw the wreck, went aboard of her and fetched away a bucket full of gold."

"A bucketful out of a million wasn't so much," said Jack, not putting much stock in the sailor's explanation.

"It wasn't a big bucket, but it held about \$30,000. He was satisfied with it and didn't want to go back for any more, for he considered the risk too great."

"It's the risk you think would give us cold feet?"

"Yes, if you two ain't got good nerve, and are willin' to take chances to make yourselves rich for the rest of your lives."

"There is generally a risk attached to anything that's worth having."

"I reckon if we three go properly prepared for what's before us that we'll get through all right. I ain't hankerin' to turn up my toes yet a while, but I'll venture up into them swamps for a third of the money I know is there."

"Did you see the gold that the sailor brought away with him?"

"I saw a bagful of it."

"And you feel confident the man told the truth about how he got it?"

"He told the truth all right. He gave me proof of it, besides the money."

"What other proof did he give you?"

"I'll tell you. He didn't go up huntin' for that treasure ship. The fact of the matter is he didn't know anythin' about the Kohinor bein' stranded up in the Ganges marshes. He was stayin' at this lodgin'-house waitin' for a chance to ship, when one night a couple of Britishers walked in, had several drinks and then asked Nigger Sal if she would introduce them to a couple of her lodgers who could be depended on for a short cruise of the Ganges if they were well paid and well fed. Sal said she'd just the chaps they wanted, and if they came across with a ten-spot she'd make them acquainted. They anteed up and got the chap I mentioned and his chum. The Britishers offered them twenty pounds apiece for the trip, which they said wouldn't take over ten days, there and back, and assured them they'd live on the fat of the land. Naturally such pay, not speakin' of the grub, made the two chaps curious to learn what kind of expedition the party was bound on. The Britishers told them they were to go in a steam launch, but refused to disclose the object of the excursion, tellin' them they'd find out when the launch reached her destination. The twenty pounds caught them, for they were strapped and owed Sal money and room hire. They started from the edge of the Sunderbunds, penetrating the swamps by way of one of the small creeks that cut the swamps up into islands. They met no man on the way, but they ran against some of the inhabitants of the jungle. The launch ran foul of a small island at dusk one night, and one of the sailors jumped ashore to push her clear. He stepped on a cobra lying in the swamp grass, was bitten and died two hours later. Next mornin' as they were passin' an overhangin' bank a tiger leaped aboard the launch and killed one of the Britishers. The sailor who was left was for turnin' around and gettin' out of the swamps as quick as they could. The coolie who acted as cook and steward backed him up. The survivin' Britisher objected. He said they only had a short distance to go, and he'd give them two hundred pounds each if they stood by him. Then they wanted to know what he was after that he could afford to pay so much, which looked like a fortune to the pair. The Britisher up and told them about the wreck and the money. That settled it, they agreed to hold on. They reached the wreck and saw the bags of money, each sealed with the signet ring of the Rajah's treasurer. It looked like a short job to take. the money aboard the launch, and as it was almost night, they arranged to break the bags early next mornin'."

"What prevented them? And what happened to the Englishman and the coolie, for, according to your statement only the sailor got away, and he took only a small bucketful of the gold?" said Jack, intensely interested in the denouement of the yarn.

Bill Blaine winked his eye solemnly.

"You won't get cold feet if I tell you?" he said.

"We haven't positively agreed to stand in with you yet. Before we do we must understand all the chances we've got to take," said Jack.

"I dunno as you'll take the same chances them chaps took. They went up there in an unhealthy season. I don't think I'd run the risk myself if things wasn't a bit different now."

"Well, go on."

"The coolie took sick after supper, went out of his head around midnight, and jumped into the swamp. That was the end of him."

"What ailed him—the swamp fever?" said Jack.

"No—cholera."

"The dickens!"

"When mornin' came the Britisher and the sailor were down with it, too."

"And the Englishman died?"

"He did, but the sailor didn't."

"Of course not, for he got back."

"He was weak as a cat for several days, and when he felt himself comin' round his one idea was to get out of the swamps. He was too weak to haul even one bag of the gold aboard the launch, so he took the bucket, cut a bag open and filled it with the golden coin. He nearly went crazy at the sight of so much money, and only he was level-headed he'd never got back, either. He decided that a bucketful would do him, put it aboard and sheered off from the wreck. He never knew how he reached the Ganges, but when he found himself on the river, clear of the swamps, he sung all of the songs he knew. He reached this port, took the gold ashore in a couple of cracker boxes, and never went nigh the launch again. That's all. Now you know as much about the treasure as I do, except one thing."

"What's that?"

"The most direct way to reach the wreck."

"The sailor told you the way to get there?" said Jack.

"He gave me this chart which he took from the clothes of the Britisher after he was dead."

Blaine pulled a piece of oilskin from his pocket. Unwrapping it, he took out an oblong piece of drawing paper. On this was sketched the route followed by the ill-fated party. The Ganges was shown from its mouth up to a certain distance. The swamps were outlined. The position of the wreck was indicated by a cross in red ink. Jack observed that it lay on the left side of the river. He also noticed that the route led into the swamps from the edge of what appeared to be an island near the left shore of the river. He saw by the compass bearings marked on the chart that the launch had followed a course due northeast. His sharp eyes likewise made out a note in small writing which said that the wreck lay about one-third of a nautical degree, or approximately twenty miles, from the Ganges. Dick looked at the chart, saw all that Jack did, and forgot their significance as soon as the paper was back in the sailor's hands. That was the difference between Jack and Dick. One was observant and made mental notes for future use, the other wasn't.

"Well, my hearties, do we get a boat and make the trip?" said Blaine.

"We must consider it," said Jack.

The sailor looked at them and blinked.

"All right. Think it over 'tween this and mornin' and let me have your answer," he said.

"We'll do it. Now perhaps you'll show us the shortest way to the water front."

"What's the use of you goin' back to your ship to-night? It's goin' on one. The room next to mine ain't occupied. You can turn in there and I'll stand the danger, which won't be much," said Blaine.

Neither Jack nor Dick cared to sleep in Nigger Sal's rookery, but the sailor was insistent, and he had his way as usual. He showed the boys into the next room, lighted the lamp on the wall for them, and then, slyly removing the key from the inside, he transferred it to the outside, and wishing his new acquaintance good-night, shut the door and locked it.

#### CHAPTER- IV.—Jack and Dick Agree to Go After the Million.

The boys heard the key turn on the outside. Jack walked to the door and tried the knob.

"The rascal has locked us in," he said.

"Why should he do that?" said Dick uneasily. "He must be up to some game."

"I guess he wanted to make sure that he'd find us here in the morning."

"We didn't intend to run away, though I'm not stuck on sleeping in this place."

"After confiding to us the story of the treasure wreck, he evidently intends to keep us under his eye. He expects we will agree in the morning to stand in with him on the trip for the million in gold."

"I don't think I care to take the chances of the swamps in his company even for a big share of the million."

"The two of us are a match for him if he tries any funny business; but I don't believe he will. It's to his interest to treat us fairly."

"I'll bet after we get the gold, if we do go to the wreck, he will find some excuse to do us out of our share of the treasure if he can."

"Oh, I don't know. If he gets his flukes on a third of a million he'll never be able to spend it during the rest of his life."

"Maybe not, but the fact won't prevent him from trying to hold on to the biggest part of the money. It will go against his grain to see us carry off more of the treasure than himself."

"If we consent to go he must put the terms down in black and white—we are to have a third each."

"Suppose he goes back on his agreement?"

"I guess the two of us can make him keep to it."

"Maybe we can, but he looks like a shifty sort of rascal, and as he knows we'll pull together, if his purpose is to do us, he'll work the game somehow."

"We'll keep on the watch and see that he doesn't get the chance to do us."

"You talk as if you'd made up your mind to make the trip."

"The gold at the end of it is rather enticing."

"But the skipper will have something to say on the subject."

"Pooh! The ship is likely to lie here three or four weeks more, and we'll be able to make the trip in half that time. The Englishmen figured on ten days at the outside."

"They had a steam launch. And that brings up the important matter of where are we going to get a suitable boat, stocked with the provisions we'll need on the trip? Bill Blaine doesn't look like a party who had any superfluous coin."

"I suppose he looks to us to help the good cause along."

"We haven't any funds to speak of."

"Probably he thinks we have money and that's why he's made up to us."

"Then he'll be disappointed when we tell him in the morning that we haven't."

"Maybe he counts on us borrowing the necessary funds from Nigger Sal, as he calls her."

"She's not likely to lend us a whole lot without security."

"I imagine it'll cost \$125 at least to get any kind of suitable sailing boat and stock her with food enough to last us while we're away."

"I don't doubt it."

"So unless Mr. Bill Blaine can get the woman to finance the expedition I don't see much chance of our starting out."

"We'd need a couple of rifles to stand off the tigers and cobras."

"If the cap'n was willing we should go off on a short trip, presumably for pleasure, we might be able to borrow his Remington and the chief mate's, too."

"We ought to have a couple of revolvers also."

"I dare say we could borrow them when we asked for the rifles."

The skipper would want to know where we were going."

"We'd tell him up the Ganges."

"Suppose he was curious to know why we were going up that river."

"I'd have some explanation ready to hand him."

"Well, it must be after one now. Let's turn in."

Jack looked out of the window and spied a rope dangling from the roof close to their window. It ran all the way down to the yard. It suggested a way of escape from the room and house. He called Dick's attention to it.

"By going down the rope we can give Blaine the slip," he said.

"Let's do it. He had no right to lock us in here."

"All right. Follow me."

In another moment Jack was swinging on the rope. Dick waited till he got down to the ground and then he followed. They walked to the corner of the alley and saw no one there. The bar-room was still in full blast, but Nigger Sal was not there. A dark-skinned man was in charge. The boys hurried past the entrance and reached the street. They went back about a block, and there encountered a policeman. He directed them how to find their way to the waterfront at the point where they knew they would find a coolie boatman. Half an hour later they tumbled up the ship's side, entered the forecastle and turned into their bunks. Along about nine next morning a boat came alongside the Morning Glory, and Bill Blaine presented him-

self on deck. Looking around he spied the two boys leaning over the bulwark on the other side looking at what was going on around them.

"Well, my hearties, you gave me the slip last night," he said.

Jack and Dick whirled around and faced the hard-looking sailor.

"We did it because you locked us in the room. What did you do that for?"

"I wanted to keep anybody from bothering you."

"We could have locked ourselves in and that would have answered the same purpose."

"Have you made up your minds to make the trip?" said the sailor, not noticing Jack's reply.

"Perhaps you'll tell us where the money is coming from to hire a good boat and provision her?"

"You needn't worry about that, shipmates. I'll attend to that."

"Then you have plenty of money?"

"No, I haven't, but I can get all we need. After we get the million you chaps will pay half of the expenses."

"If we get the treasure the expense won't cut much of a figure."

"Of course it won't. I don't care if I stand everything if you chaps will go. I can't go alone, and I don't know anybody in this port I can trust. You fellows being boys, I've figured I can take a chance on you."

"You guarantee that each of us shall have a third of what we get on the wreck?"

"That's understood."

"We will put it down on paper and all sign it so there'll be no misunderstanding afterward."

"You can draw up the paper and I'll sign it. Three hundred thousand is as much coin as I want to enjoy life from now on."

"Don't you think you could have a good time on a quarter of that?"

"Yes, and less than a quarter, but if I get \$300,000 I'll swim in good times. With your shares you boys won't need to work any more. You'll be able to live like young gents for the rest of your lives. Why, I should think you'd be crazy to go with me."

"We're not crazy to face tigers and cobras, not to speak of the chance of catching the cholera in the swamps."

"This is the healthy season of the year. You won't get the cholera."

"Why didn't the Englishmen wait till the right time?"

"Because they were fools. They thought of nothin' but the money they were after."

"What kind of craft are you going to get?"

"A covered sloop. We'll anchor nights as far from the banks as we can, and then the tigers and cobras can't get at us."

"Who's going to do the cooking? We can't."

"I'm goin' to take a young nigger along. He'll go for \$25."

"Then there'll be four of us?"

"That's all, and only us three will divvy on the gold."

"Well, you can count me in if Dick here will go," said Jack.

"Good!" said the sailor, with a look of satisfac-

tion. "You'll go, matey?" he added, looking at Dick.

"I'll go whenever Jack is willing to go," replied the lad.

"Then the matter is settled," said Blaine. "If you want me to sign a paper bring it to Nigger Sal's place and I'll put my name to it."

"When do you think of starting?" said Jack.

"As soon as things are ready. Day after tomorrow if I can make it."

"We'll have to ask leave from the skipper."

"What's the use? He doesn't need you till the ship's ready for sea, and that won't be soon from the look of things," he grinned. "When you've got your shares of the million you won't want more to do with this hooker."

"Probably not, but it's not lucky to count one's chickens before they are hatched. We might fail to find the wreck, or somebody else might have got wind of the Rajah's missing million, in which contingency we stand to get left."

"Don't worry. Me and Tom Smith are the only ones, barrin' yourselves, that know anythin' about the wreck in the Ganges swamps. Smith has no further use for it, that's why he passed the chart over to me. We'll find the money waitin' for us."

"I hope so. As you think of starting so soon you must have the craft we're going to use in sight."

"I have. Get into my boat alongside and I'll take you to see her."

"How does it happen you're able to get the boat you want at a moment's notice?" said Jack, thinking it rather odd.

"I've had that sloop in mind for more'n a month past, but I didn't see no chance of usin' her before I fell in with you chaps."

"You are sure you can get her?"

"Certain, if she ain't been chartered since I came aboard here."

"Who does she belong to?"

"Nigger Sal."

"Is that so? How came she to have the sloop?"

"She's got several that she rents out to anybody that'll pay her price."

"She's a woman of business."

"She's the smartest petticoat in Calcutta."

"Some women are built that way. Is she married?"

"Not she. No man is good enough for her. A dozen have tried to get her, for she's got a bank account as big as a mountain, but she isn't for blowin' in her good money on any man. Well, are you comin', mates?"

The boys went with him after asking permission of the second mate, and were taken on board a well-built sloop of small dimensions, about thirty feet long. She had two jibs and a mainsail, and was steered by a small wheel, the helmsman having a small binnacle with its compass before him. The anchor was held by a small but strong chain, and was hoisted to the bows by means of a drum, operated with a crank. As the strain was divided among the cogs one man could do the lifting, but the process was somewhat slow. There was a small cook-room forward, entrance to which was had through a small deckhatch. The hold lay between it and the cabin aft, and also extended under both. It was not large, but sev-

eral millions of dollars in gold coin, in bags, could be stowed in it.

"It is just the craft for us," said the sailor.

"I think she is, provided the wind holds. In a calm we'd have to lay to and whistle for a breeze," said Jack.

"It's a good bit safer than the steam launch the Britishers went in."

"We're going to try and borrow a couple of rifles from the ship to stand off the wild beasts with."

"Do it. I'll have one aboard, too. Three of them are better than one."

"If the captain doesn't object to our leaving the ship for a few days we'll be ready whenever you are."

"If he does object, what then?"

"We'll go anyhow."

"That's the way to talk, my hearty. I thought you were a lad of spirit."

After seeing all they wanted of the sloop the boys were taken back to the ship and the sailor started back for the landing, telling the lads he'd meet them next morning at a certain hour on the water front.

The boys saw the captain and explained they were going to the Ganges hunting for a few days and he let them have the weapons they desired. So the next morning they met Blaine, who had made all arrangements about the boat, etc., with Nigger Sal, and they went aboard the sloop, where they were met by a black boy who had been hired by Blaine as cook, etc., and who went under the name of Sam Johnson. After stowing away their luggage the anchor was up and soon the vessel was under way down the Hoogly, bound for the wreck of the Kohinoor and her missing million.

## CHAPTER V.—The Mysterious Brig.

Although sailing was no novelty to the two young sailors, still they enjoyed the trip down the Hoogly that afternoon very much indeed. It was a different sensation for them to be on a lively little craft, with no particular work to do, and practically their own bosses. In many respects it partook of a pleasure trip. Although the Hoogly is dangerous sailing for ships and other large craft, owing to the shifting sands, it had no terrors for the little sloop that skimmed the surface like a gull. They passed many native villages, and were often a long time out of sight of any habitation at all. As six o'clock approached and the sun got low down in the sky, the pleasant odor of food cooking forward in the little galley below the deck reached the noses of the three in the standing room or cockpit.

"Makes a chap feel hungry, eh, Dick?" said Jack.

"That's what it does. Smells like some kind of fish he's frying."

At that moment Sam Johnson stuck his head up through the hatch. Then he slapped a wide tray filled with smoking dishes and a pot of coffee on the deck. Springing out of the cooking quarters he picked up the tray and came aft with it. He had set the table before starting to cook, so all he

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had to do was to spread out the viands and announce that supper was ready.

"Take the wheel, Sam," said Blaine, "and keep her on her course. If anythin' heaves in sight ahead, call me."

"Yes, sah," said Sam.

"Step inside, mates, and fall to," said the sailor to the boys.

Being hungry, and the odor of the fried fish exceedingly appetizing, they needed no urging, and their legs were soon under the small table. Blaine poured out the coffee and passed the cups around before sitting down himself, then he helped himself to a whole fish, a liberal supply of fried potatoes, grabbed three slices of fresh bread, and sailed in.

"This is a fine lay-out," said Dick. "Sam Johnson has our ship's cook beaten a mile."

"Hear that, Sam?" roared Blaine through the door.

"What's dat, sah?" answered Sam, who hadn't heard the compliment.

The sailor roared the remark of Dick to him. The black boy grinned, showing a splendid set of white teeth. Presumably he was greatly tickled. Supper over, Jack was sent to relieve Sam. Blaine pulled out and started his pipe, the smoke whirling astern in wisps. The sun disappeared and darkness spread over the scene. The sailor and Dick sat to the windward where they commanded a clear view of their course ahead. The sloop, though careened to the leeward, under the weight of the wind, held steady. Sam, in his bare feet, carried the dishes back to the galley where, after eating his own supper, he turned to and washed them. A British steamer from England was coming up the river under full steam, all aglow with lights. Several small sailing craft were also bound in toward Calcutta. The night being bright, as it always is in that latitude when the sky is not overcast, gave them plenty of light to see a good distance ahead, and thus avoid running into any craft coming toward them. The conversation dwelt chiefly on the probability of a successful run to the swamps and the finding of the wreck with the gold on board. Jack remained at the wheel till ten, when Dick went on duty.

"Better turn in, mate," said Blaine. "I'm goin' to keep watch till we're out of the river, which won't be much before two. As soon as we get into the bay, with a clear stretch before us, I'll call you and turn in myself for a spell."

That being settled, Jack turned in on one of the bunks and was soon asleep. Bill let Dick steer until midnight, and then sent him into the cabin. At half-past two the sloop was clear of the river and heading east by south. Half an hour later Bill called Jack and put him in charge.

"There ain't nothin' in sight," said the sailor. "Keep her as she is. If the wind veers around you ought to know what to do. If you don't, rouse me up."

From that on till after sunrise Jack enjoyed the new sensation of steering with all hands but himself asleep below. Then Blaine turned out, took a look around and relieved him. He turned in for another nap and was awakened by Dick telling him to get up, as breakfast was on the table. Nothing of special interest happened that day. Soon after breakfast the wind dropped con-

siderably and they went along during the better part of the day on a nearly even keel and at a slower speed. The boys alternated at the wheel, Blaine putting in his time sleeping. Sam sat in the cockpit and talked with them. He proved a very entertaining young darky. Blaine took the wheel after supper, remarking that he was good for all night. He called Jack at sunrise, and shortly afterward Sam turned out. They were in the neighborhood of the delta of the Ganges now, and the sailor proposed to take the nearest arm of water in. As the Sally rounded a point of land, Jack, who was alone at the wheel, made out a small brig close in shore flying a British ensign upside down. This was a signal of distress. The wind was very light, and though the more important sails of the brig were spread, she was making very little headway. She was heavily loaded, for she sat deep in the water. Jack couldn't see a soul on board of her. He shouted to Sam, and when the negro put his head out of the scuttle, Jack told him to come aft and wake up Blaine, who had turned in for a brief snooze. When the sailor came out of the cabin Jack pointed out the brig to him.

"Something is the matter aboard of her. See the flag?" he said.

Blaine got the spyglass he had brought along and examined the brig through it.

"Run alongside of her, and we'll see what's wrong," he said.

Then he went forward where Sam was looking at the stranger in wonder. Ten minutes later they were close enough to hail her, and Blaine did several times without receiving any notice. Nobody appeared on her forecastle deck or at the bulwark to see who was shouting to them. Several ropes were hanging in careless fashion over her side, and Jack laid the sloop alongside where Blaine could seize one. The sloop came to a stop and Jack abandoned the wheel and joined the sailor.

"Hold on while I go aboard and investigate," said Blaine.

Jack seized the rope and the sailor was up and over the bulwark in a jiffy. Just then Dick came out of the cabin and was astonished to find the sloop lying alongside the larger craft. He went forward to question Jack.

"What's all this about?" he asked.

"This craft appears to be in trouble," replied Jack. "Blaine had gone aboard to learn what's wrong."

"Did they hail you?" asked Dick.

"No. I haven't seen any one aboard of her yet. Looks as if she was deserted; but I can't see any reason for that. Besides, the boats are all at the davits, so the people must be aboard of her. Blaine hailed her several times as we approached, but no attention was paid to his shouts."

"Looks kind of queer, don't you think?" said Dick.

"It certainly does. Crawl up and take a look, or hold on here and I'll go up."

Dick went up, for he was full of curiosity.

"What do you see?" asked Jack as his companion got astride of the bulwark.

"Nothing moving. The door of the galley is wide open, but no one appears to be in there,

and there's no smoke from the stovepipe. There's no one at the wheel."

"You don't see Blaine?"

"No."

As he spoke the sailor came reeling out of the cabin passage like a drunken man and fell on the deck.

"Holy mackerel!" ejaculated Dick.

"What's the matter?" asked Jack.

"Blaine just staggered out of the cabin and he's lying on the deck where he fell. Somethin's wrong."

"Get down and see what's the matter with him," said Jack in some excitement.

When Dick disappeared he made fast the brig's rope to a cleat near the bowsprit and called Sam to hold the sloop close to the brig. Then he scrambled up to the bulwark. Now he had a good view of the deck himself. He saw Dick leaning over the sailor, who lay quite motionless. He sprang on deck and ran over.

"What's the matter with him?" he asked.

"I don't know. He's unconscious."

"Help me get him over to the side."

They dragged Blaine to the bulwark.

"I'll go and get some of the rum Blaine brought along. That ought to pull him around," said Jack.

He was back on the sloop in a twinkling, and as quick as possible he came back with a rum bottle and a glass. Some of the liquor was poured down the sailor's throat.

"Fan him with your hat, Dick," said Jack.

In a short time Blaine began to revive, but he raved strangely, and it was some little time before he recovered his wits.

"What happened to you, Blaine?" asked Jack.

The sailor drew in several gulps of air before making an answer.

"What happened to me? Blamed if I know. There's four corpses in the cabin sittin' 'round the table playin' cards," he said.

"Four corpses!" ejaculated Jack.

"Sure's you live. I reckon they're the skipper, two mates and a passenger. I thought they were alive at first, for exceptin' for the glassy, starin' look in their eyes, and lack of motion, they look as natural as life. It's certain they ain't been dead long."

"Holy smoke!" cried Dick. "They must have been murdered."

"They don't show no sign of it."

"But they couldn't all die of heart failure, or something of that kind, all at one time," said Dick.

"Well, there ain't no sign of violence, nor a speck of blood."

"You are sure they're dead?" said Jack.

"Positive. If you don't believe me go in and look at them. You'd take 'em for wax figgers at a museum, only they ain't reached the ghastly stage yet."

"I wonder what killed them?" said Dick.

"Kind of mystery, I reckon," said Blaine. "Maybe there's some kind of poison in the cabin air. I was took dizzy all at once while lookin' at them, and I thought I should have tumbled right over. I made for the door, and that's all I remember. Where did you chaps pick me up?"

"On side the passenger door. I saw you stagger out, and I stopped," said Dick.

"There's somethin' wrong in the cabin, you can depend on it. You'd better not go in there."

"Maybe a carton of ammonia got broke and the fumes suffocated the men while they were at the tables," suggested Jack.

"No, it ain't ammonia. I know what that smells like. Besides, I didn't smell a thing. Whatever it was, got hold of me as quick as lightnin', and nearly done me up."

"I don't know what it could be if it doesn't smell," said Jack. "But how about the crew? What killed the people in the crew couldn't have crossed the deck in the open air and entered the fo'castle."

"If the men ain't in the fo'castle I don't know where they are," said Blaine. "None of the brig's boats are gone. You can see the four of them hangin' inside the davits covered up. And the small boat is still battered down on the roof of the galley."

"Who's game to follow me into the fo'castle?" said Jack.

"I'll go with you," said Dick.

"No," said Blaine. "You go alone, Jack, and give a yell if there's anythin' out of the way there. Then we'll come after you."

The three went over to the opening of the forecastle, which was reached by a short stationary ladder. They looked down and saw that the slush lamp was still burning dimly there. Jack started down. When he reached the bottom he looked around. On most of the bunks lay a motionless form—some with blankets thrown over them and some half dressed, with their legs out as if in the act of getting up. Not a sound was to be heard—not a snore, or even a deep breath. As Jack gazed awe-struck, something seemed to grip him by the throat. His head swam, and he felt himself falling.

"Help! Help!" he shouted.

## CHAPTER VI.—The Sloop Goes On Her Way.

The next thing Jack knew he was lying on deck with the taste of rum in his mouth, and his two companions fanning him with their hats. When he was able to speak, the sailor said:

"You caught the same thing I did. Can you tell what it was?"

"No. I didn't smell anything. There is sure'y some kind of gas down there. The fact that it's in both the cabin and the fo'castle shows it must come from the hold. There's some deadly chemical in the cargo that's broke loose."

"Or else the cargo has sweated," said the sailor.

"What kind of cargo sweats?" asked Dick.

"Oh, different kinds after passing through a long spell of hot weather."

The sailor mentioned a number of commodities that were subject to the process.

"They throw off a vapor that you can't see, but you can usually smell it, and take warning in time," he said.

"You can't smell this, so I think it must be something in the cargo, in the chemical line, that's got loose and spread through the brig," said Jack.

"I thought chemicals always give out a smell," said Blaine.

"They do; but this may be some new kind of preparation that has no odor. Whatever it is it's mighty deadly. Every man jack below is dead in his bunk."

"Did you see them?" said Dick.

"Yes, but not very distinctly."

"But if the gas, or whatever it is, killed the people in the cabin and the fo'castle, that doesn't account for the watch on deck, and the officer who was in charge of the brig," said Blaine. "One of the mates, and half of the crew, should have been on deck, and when the watch was changed they would have discovered the state of affairs below."

"Maybe they did and were overcome themselves like you and Jack," said Dick.

"It doesn't seem likely all of them would be knocked out," said Blaine.

"But you said you saw two mates playing cards with the captain and somebody you took to be a passenger. That would show that neither mate was on duty, and one of them ought to have been," said Dick.

"That's right. I can't account for that."

"What are we going to do about this thing? We'll have to put in at the nearest port and report the brig, and the state of affairs aboard of her."

"Of course."

"Say," said Jack, suddenly. "Somebody must have been wise to this thing. How else would the English ensign be flying upside down?"

"That's right," nodded Blaine. "Somebody set that signal of distress."

"How is it the captain and the mates and the passengers should be playing cards with the spectre of death about them?"

"Don't ask me, mate. The whole thing is a great mystery."

"When the Government looks into it maybe they'll find an explanation."

"All we can do is to report what we've found," said Blaine.

"In the meantime the brig is running ashore," said Jack. "We'd better change her course."

"Good idea, mate. I'll attend to that. You two stand by to lower the yards."

"We can't get the sail off her. We can haul down the jib and let the spanker drop," said Jack.

"Yes, we can do that, and we can take in some of her light sails."

Blaine said they'd change her course first, and he started aft toward the wheel. The brig was now close in to the land, which she was bound to strike and her head was put around some point so far west so that her sail would catch the new tack. It was fortunate that the wind was so light. If it held so, the craft was sure to be picked up by some craft passing up or down the bay. Blaine found the wheel lashed. That seemed to indicate that the person who set the signal of distress had found himself obliged, for want of aid, to fix the wheel securely. The question was where was the person who had done these things. If he knew there was something wrong on board, why hadn't he warned the four in the cabin in time to save their lives? Was it impossible for him to do it? None of these questions could be answered. Blaine lost no

time considering them. He released the wheel, then he called to the boys to cast off the braces on the starboard side holding the fore and main yards. When this had been done they ran across and pulled the yards around to the angle the sailor wanted them. The braces were then made fast again on both sides. This movement brought the brig to for the moment, until the other higher yards were swung, when she gathered way again. Blaine altered the rudder to meet the changed conditions and lashed it again. One of the jibs was partially lowered, the other wholly taken in. The spanker was let down by the run and left as it fell. Blaine concluded not to bother with taking in any of the light sails, for the brig wouldn't make over a knot in that wind.

"We ought to leave a warning on board," said Jack, when they were ready to leave the derelict. "If we had a pot of red paint—"

"Maybe we can find some paint," said the sailor. "I'll look in the rooms off the passage. Stand ready to help me if that blamed gas gets hold of me again."

"I'd like to take a peep into the cabin," said Jack, who was curious to see the four corpses.

"I wouldn't do it, mate. You've had your dose," said Blaine.

"How long were you in there before you were attacked by dizziness?"

"Five minutes, I reckon."

"Then it isn't so strong there as it is in the fo'castle. I'll risk it."

Jack brushed by him, walked swiftly to the cabin door and looked in. He saw the corpses sitting bolt upright at the table. They held playing cards in their hands, and more cards were on the table, just as they had been played. But Jack counted five dead men sitting there, and Blaine said there were only four. Evidently he had made a mistake in his calculation. Fearing the subtle poison, Jack shut the door and returned, feeling a bit dizzy. He had to go to the bulwark and lean over, he felt so sick. In the meantime Blaine opened the door of the first room off the passage. It was the pantry, and there flat on the floor lay a colored steward—stone dead. He slammed the door to and opened the opposite one. On the bed lay the body of the carpenter, fully dressed. Apparently he was dead, too. The other two doors were locked. Blaine came staggering out almost overcome. For fifteen minutes he was as sick as a dog. It was decided to leave the brig at once, for no paint could be found. The vessel, on her new tack, had clawed off shore, and appeared to be safe. Blaine and the boy returned to the sloop, cast off and left the brig astern at a slow rate. Sam was intensely curious to know what had detained them on the vessel so long, and what they had seen. Dick volunteered to tell him while he started to get their belated breakfast. Blaine stood at the wheel and Jack sat down on the weather side.

"Well, you saw the corpses, didn't you?" said the sailor.

"I did—five of them at the table."

"What's that—five! There were only four."

"You made a mistake in your counting. There were five."

"Get out. Don't I know what I saw? Wasn't

I right close to 'em? There were four—the cap'n, two mates, I reckon, and another man."

"You can swear to that?" said Jack, in wonder.

"If it was my last word on earth."

"It's mighty funny, for I can take my Bible oath there were five. Remembering what you said about four, I was careful to count them and there were five."

Blaine stared fixedly at him.

"You didn't see straight. You came out dizzy."

"Yes, I saw straight. But what's the difference whether there were four or five? It's the mystery of the whole affair that gets me. I'd give something to know what it was that killed all hands and would have fetched us if we hadn't been able to get out of its influence."

"If it wasn't the sweating of the cargo I don't know what it was."

An argument followed as to the causes which induced certain kinds of cargo to sweat and throw off deadly fumes. Blaine told of several cases he had heard of, but in each case nobody had lost their lives, and in only two were the officers and crew forced to abandon the vessel. While they were discussing the matter Sam and Dick appeared with breakfast, and they sat down to it. During the meal Dick was full of the strange incident, and hazarded all kinds of opinions as to the cause of it. When they returned to the cockpit and Jack took up the job of steering, an easy one now that the sloop was just slipping along and no more, the strange brig, whose name they had read on the stern as the Singapore, was about a mile and a half away.

"She's a real coffin ship or moving cemetery," said Dick.

"Hello, there's a town of some kind ahead," said Jack.

The sighting of the town was regarded as most opportune. They would put in there and report the incident of the Singapore. So Jack headed direct for the little place, which, on closer approach, proved to be merely a good-sized village. There was a lighthouse, and a large white two-story building on a rising piece of ground. They could see telegraph poles stretching away from it across the country. There was a small wharf at which a couple of schooners were loading. The end of the wharf was not occupied and they ran in there and made fast. Blaine and Jack went ashore to tell their story. They found it was the village of Manlay, and was occupied by a Government telegraph station. Jack recalled the newspaper story he and Dick had read in the library. It was at this place the steamer Serengambia had anchored one night, and where the three desperate members of her crew had escaped from confinement between decks, and swam ashore in spite of the sharks that were said to abound in the water. Jack and the sailor went to the Government station, saw the officer in charge of the post, and told the story of the Singapore. The officer was inclined to doubt their narrative, though a brig, answering to the Singapore, had been seen slowly passing up the bay that morning. He questioned them closely, and finally accepted their statement with reservations. After dismissing them he had the facts, in modified form, telegraphed to Calcutta, advising that a Government craft be sent out to look for her, giving the direc-

tion she was going in. A fast steamer from the city would probably overhaul her some time during the night if weather conditions remained about what they were. Having performed their duty Jack and Blaine returned to the Sally, cast off from the wharf and resumed their way across the delta of the Ganges.

## CHAPTER VII.—In the Swamps.

"This is where those men we read about escaped from the steamer, Dick," said Jack.

"Is that so?" replied Dick, with a look of interest. "They had a good swim of it, and the paper said the water is alive with sharks. I don't know how they ever did it."

"It was certainly something of a feat," returned Jack.

"What are you talking about?" asked the sailor.

Jack narrated the facts, as given in the paper, for his benefit.

"Where was the vessel anchored?" he asked.

"Somewhere off the village and not far from the shore."

"What became of the men?"

"I haven't heard if their fate has been reported."

"Where did they land?"

"On the shore opposite the village."

"There was no place for them to go except the beach or into the jungle. The place they landed on is a swampy island, and there's no path anywhere," said Blaine. "They couldn't have hit a worse place. There's nobody living hereabouts that I ever heard. Whether they went along the beach or not in the end they would have to take to the jungle you see stretching out yonder as far as you can make out. It's a forsaken region, and they either starved on their route, or were killed and eaten by wild animals, that are as thick as peas in a pod."

"You think they could not escape to some inland village?" said Jack.

"There isn't a village within fifty miles or more, and if you had any idea what trampin' through a jungle is, with nothin' to eat, you'd understand what the poor chaps were up against."

"I was told that cocoanut trees grew along the coast, and that there were lots of fish in the streams, as well as turtles," said Jack.

"That's true, matey, but a fellow adrift in this latitude is as likely to miss the cocoanut trees as to run across them. As to fish, they're not easy to catch without a hook and line, while turtles only come ashore at certain places, and then you've got to be mighty slick to catch one."

They didn't reach the Ganges till long after dark, and as light and variable winds prevailed right along another twenty-four hours went by, it being late to the lower end of the river, where they were bound for. Twelve hours later they reached an island near the left bank which Blaine said was where the stream diverged into the swamps. He pointed it out on the chart. Jack had expected to run against this island, for when he looked at the chart in the sailor's room at Nigger Sal's he was sure the small circle stood for an island. They passed from the Ganges into

a creek, bordered on both sides with tall reeds and jungle grass, much higher than a man's head. The creek was fairly wide where they went in, but it narrowed gradually to a strait of less than a dozen feet across in many places. There being little wind, they went along but slowly. All through the previous night, while on the river, they had heard the howl of wild beasts in the distance on both sides. These cries were the only sounds that broke the deep silence of that solitude, and produced a weird and menacing effect on the part. It seemed a foretaste of what they encountered after they had pushed their way into the stamping grounds of the vicious beasts. After entering the creek, the boys brought their magazine Remingtons out, so as to have them within easy reach in case of need, though the absence of sound under the sultry mid-day sun indicated that the denizens of the swampy islands were at rest in their lairs. Still there was always the possibility of a chance encounter with a resolute tiger, or an alert cobra. Of course, as long as the creek was wide, they had nothing to fear from any beast or reptile they saw, but when, after dinner, the creek narrowed considerably, the sailor advised them to keep a strict watch on both sides.

"I'm steering, and can't defend myself if a tiger should take a notion to leap at me out of the grass, where he can see us, though we may not see him. You remember I told you one of the Britishers on the launch was killed in that way. He was steerin' at the time, and was an easy victim. The tiger pounced upon him so suddenly that he was killed or stunned before he knew what had struck him. The other Britisher discharged a bullet from his revolver into the animal, but he took no notice of it, but takin' a good grip of his victim with his teeth, leaped ashore with him and disappeared into the grass. He made a meal of a part of him at his leisure, and the jackals, always on the alert for the humans, got the rest," said Blaine.

"We'd better not all sit here in the stern, then," said Jack, "for we'd make a pretty mark. Dick, you can get it inside the cabin door, with your gun really cocked. I'll go forward and stand in the galley. Sam need to be through with his task by this time."

"That's the ticket," said Blaine. "That's the outfit I gun I fetched a few."

"I think my revolver would answer better. You could grab it quicker in case of necessity," said Jack.

"Hand it over," said the sailor.

He laid it across his lap and then Jack went forward with his rifle. Sam remained in the galley to keep him company, while Dick and the sailor conversed together. A couple of hours passed away when Sam, who was looking out of the cabin hatch, while Jack sat underneath in the galley, exclaimed:

"The cobra! A tree! I say! I am alert in a minute. We are close to the cobra! I am sure it is the cobra, positive. I am sure it is the cobra! I am sure it is the cobra! But it is a large cobra, and I am not even think-

been drinking. With his head raised, his glaring eyes were fastened on the sloop.

"See him, Blaine," Jack called to the sailor.

"Sure I do."

"Shall I take a shot at him?"

"Yes, if you think you can plunk him in one of his eyes."

But the boy got no chance to do it.

Just as he raised his Remington rifle to take aim the animal turned around and trotted off into the grass. The last Jack saw of him was the whisk of his tail as it shot about the outer line of reeds. As they proceeded the creek grew quite narrow between two swampy islands. A large tree grew on one of them, and threw a heavy branch across their path, and it looked as if the top of the mast would strike it. This was a serious matter, for they could not possibly turn around and retrace their course, so as to take the channel around one of the islands.

"Look at that arching branch across our course," Jack called to Blaine.

"I see it, my hearty. If we strike it one of us will have to shin up the mast with the hatchet or the saw and lop it off," returned the sailor.

"What's that thing hanging down from the limb?"

"I don't know. Looks like a broken limb. You're closer to it than me."

As they drew nearer to the tree they saw that the mast would surely strike the limb. They were going so slow that such a collision would hardly give a shock.

"Fo' de lands sake! We're in it," cried Sam, in a tone of terror.

"What do you mean, Sam?"

"Doan' yo' know what dat t'ing is dat's hangin' down from de limb?"

"It looks kind of queer to me," said Jack.

"It's a cobra asleep. Dat's his head and neck. De rest ob his body is lyin' along de branch. De moment de mast hits de limb he'll wake up, and den he'll come down and gobble us ail up. Put de catch on, and den he won't be able to get at us."

"But he'll get at Bill and Dick unless they're warned. Hi, there, Blaine. That's a cobra hanging from that limb. The rest of him is lying along it. What'll we do?"

"Are you sure of that?" roared Blaine.

"Yes. He's asleep. I know it. The mast is bound to hit the limb, and the contact will wake him up. Then something is likely to happen."

Dick heard what he said and came out of the cabin to take a look. The sailor hastily picked up a rope and fastened it to the mast. Then he told Dick to get his rifle.

"Get down under cover, Hunter, but you can take a shot at its head first. Wait a moment till I'm ready," said Blaine. Dick handed him his gun, which he cocked.

"Now, then, take careful aim and let her go," said the sailor.

The boat was close upon the cobra and the tree. Jack took aim at the head, which hung still, a fine mark. But just as he pulled the trigger, the cobra shot up and rattled its head. The sailor let go of the rope and the mast struck the tree. The cobra was still rattling its head. The sailor tried to get a

bead on it. Finally he fired, and the ball grazed the snake's head. The boat was about to pass under the limb, so Jack hastily slammed on the hatch cover. Blaine seized Dick's Remington and fired again, the bullet cutting a furrow across the cobra's neck close to its head. The mast hit the branch and quick as winking the snake was around it, gliding down so fast that the sailor had barely time to push Dick back into the cabin, jump in himself and slam the door to, when the cobra slid across the deck, and ran his head and neck into the cockpit.

It was some while before anybody ventured to peek outside. But after a while Blaine poked a revolver out the cabin door, and perceiving the snake quite near, took aim and shot him dead. He was then thrown overboard. It was nearing dark now, so Jack climbed up the mast, cut the tree limb and then the boat went a short distance farther, the anchor was thrown out and, amid the howls of wild beasts, all hands slept until daylight. They sailed on all day until nightfall without anything happening worth mentioning. About two hours after darkness set in Dick, looking in among the reeds, saw something bright shine up, as though the moon's rays had fallen on a metallic article of some kind. He called Blaine, and that individual said it might be the wreck of the Kohinoor. The anchor was let go and then all hands turned in for the night.

#### CHAPTER VIII.—The Three Men on the Wreck.

Bill Blaine was up first in the morning and was out on deck with his glass shortly after sunrise. He turned the glass on the object which had attracted his and Dick's attention during the night and easily made out the bows of an old-time vessel rising beyond the encircling grass.

"It's a wreck, sure enough," he said to himself. "While the boys are asleep I'll go over and take a look at the treasure—the million in money—that's bagged in her hold."

He put the glass down on the deck and reached for a long pole lying against the low rail that ran along either side of the deck, his purpose being to push the sloop's stern over to the grass-lined shore where he could step off. In lifting the pole he stepped backward and his foot came upon the spyglass. The round glass slipped under his weight and the sailor fell with a tremendous thump on the roof of the cabin, and fell so awkwardly that he sprained his right foot. When he tried to get up he found he couldn't use his foot. The noise of his fall aroused Jack, who came out to see what was the matter.

"Was it you who made all that noise, Blaine?" he asked.

"Yes. I slipped on that blamed spyglass, twisted my foot and fell. Now I'm down and out for my leg is badly sprained. Get a piece of cloth, wet it and tie it tight around my ankle or I'll soon have a foot as big as a beer barrel."

Jack hastened to do as the sailor requested and he soon had Blaine's injured foot bandaged tightly. To make sure of keeping the swelling down the sailor got over to the side of the sloop and reached his leg down into the water, keeping

it there. He told Jack how the accident had happened.

"I was goin' to slew the stern around so I could walk over to the wreck and inspect it," he said.

"The wreck!" exclaimed Jack. "Have we reached it?"

"Yes, it's over yonder. You can see the bows easily from the deck with your naked eye, but you can see it plainer with the glass. There's the consarned thing lyin' against the port rail."

Jack picked up the telescope and leveled it at the object beyond the grass. He saw what Blaine had seen, and his nerves tingled with excitement.

"Push the stern over yourself, Jack, and secure the sloop so she'll stern on to the shore," said Blaine. "When you've done that you can go and take a look at the money bags. The sight of them will give you an appetite for breakfast. We ought to be able to get them all aboard in a couple of hours and be off."

"I hope you'll be able to boss the job even if you can't lend a hand," said Jack.

"I reckon I'll be on the job as soon as I can stand on my game pin."

Jack pushed the stern over, but found she lacked a couple of yards of touching the grass, and as the grass grew out of the water he judged that it was doubtful business getting to the solid ground that way. He acquainted Blaine with the difficulty, and it was decided to raise the anchor and run her bows in. While they were talking Dick and Sam came out of the cabin, and the matter was postponed until after breakfast. An hour later they sat down to the morning meal in excellent humor. The sailor declared that his foot felt almost as good as ever.

"I'll give it another spell of rest and a soak in the creek while you chaps are looking the wreck over and figgering the easiest way to get the gold aboard," he said.

Breakfast over, Jack and Dick raised the anchor, hoisted the jib and worked the sloop bow on into the grass, with the help of the pole, till she hit the shore. Then Jack leaped off with a mooring line and tied the craft to a convenient tree.

"I'm off for the wreck," he shouted to Dick. "Come on."

"Hold on, boss," said Sam to Dick. "I'll be with yo'. Here's a club to carry. I's got anudder one. We may need dem to stand off one of dem pesky snakes."

Dick waited and Jack reached the wreck before Dick and Sam started. They saw him clamber up on the deck of the wreck, which was hardly more than four feet above the level of the swampy ground. He paused a moment and looked up and down the old derelict, then he jumped down out of sight.

"He's in the hold," said Dick, as he and Sam pushed forward.

Then there came sounds to their ears from the inside of the old hull.

"Something's wrong," cried Dick. "He must have run against some wild animal down there. It's a gool thing you thought of the clubs, Sam."

"Help! Help!" cried Jack, springing out of the hold of the wreck, followed by three hairy looking fellows, one dressed in convict stripes who tried to seize him.

Dick, waving his club, and attended by Sam, rushed to his aid. The apparition of the three strangers had astonished them, but Jack's danger gave them no time to consider the matter.

"Hi, hi!" shouted Dick, "what are you chaps about?"

Jack eluded the grasp of the foremost man, leaped to the ground and ran toward his companions. The three men did not pursue him further, but stood and looked at the three boys come together.

"They're not following you," said Dick when Blaine came up. "Who in thunder are they?"

"I couldn't tell you," said Jack, turning about.

The three boys looked back at the men on the wreck while the men looked at them.

"Where did you fellers come from?" asked the stout man, in a menacing tone.

"What's that to you?" replied Jack.

"If you don't get off we'll show you," roared Blaine, in his hoarse recitation. "This here wreck is our business, and we won't have you around, you hear?"

"We'll see you don't have all to say about that," said Dick defiantly. "You don't own this here island, and you're not even to visit it. As far as I'm concerned, you'll have to give up your right to it, but we'll soon be back to get it, and then we'll blow you over to the next island."

"Say," said Dick, in a low tone, "I'll bet those are the three rascals who escaped from the steamer."

"Lord! Maybe they are. In that case we're against a bad bunch."

"We've got arms and they haven't. They'll have to knuckle down to us or take the consequences."

"Well, don't you go?" shouted the man. He picked a club off the deck and started for the boys. Jack and his companions concluded it as the part of wisdom to return to the sloop together with Blaine. They hurried along and Blaine followed in a deliberate way. He was anxious to learn how they had reached that island in the swamps. By following them he believed he would be able to find out. The boys hastened back to the sloop. They found Blaine aft with his hurt foot soaking in the creek. Sam was told to remain at the bows and watch to see if the rascals followed. Jack surprised the sailor with the account of the three fellows who were in possession of the wreck.

"Three of them, you say?" said Blaine, with a blank look.

"They claim the gold, I s'pose." "Nothing was said about the treasure. They said the wreck belonged to them, and they ordered us off in a rough way."

"They must have. Who else could they get?"

Then Jack explained who he and Dick believed the rascals were.

At that Blaine looked relieved.

"Of course the escaped convicts will give us a fight for the gold. Are they armed?"

"One of them had a club."

"What's a club against three rifles and a revolver? They'll have to get. We didn't take all the trouble and expense of comin' out here for that money to let them hold on to it. Besides, how could they carry it away without a boat?"

"The easiest way would be to make a deal with them," said Jack.

"Do you mean take them aboard with us and give them a share of the money? I guess not. If they're the rascals you say they are, they'd turn on us at the first chance they got, do us up, take charge of the sloop, and get off somewhere with the whole of the money. It wouldn't do to trust them under any circumstances."

"I guess you're right," admitted Jack.

"Of course I'm right. Did they follow you?"

"One of them, the biggest chap, followed us."

"To see where you were going, and what kind of craft brought you here. This here complication is rather awkward. There's liable to be blood spilled before it is settled."

At that moment Sam shouted that one of the men was looking at the bow of the sloop. Blaine pulled his bandaged foot out of the water and went forward with the boys. The man was still there with a bad look on his countenance.

"Well, my hearty, how did you and your friends come to this swamp island?" said the sailor.

"What's that to you?" asked the man, in a surly tone.

"It's nothin' to me if you don't want to tell. I shouldn't think you'd find this place a comfortable stampin' ground."

"It suits us. What brought you chaps here?"

"We came here to inspect that wreck."

"You can't inspect her while we're here, that is unless you're willin' to make a deal to take us off," said the rascal, a sudden thought occurring to his mind.

"As long as you came here without our help you ought to be able to go away in the same way."

"It happens we lost our boat."

"Oh, you had a boat, eh?"

"How d'ye s'pose we could have got here without one?"

"You might have swum the creeks and walked the rest of the way."

"And been ate up by the animals. Say, why do you want to look over the wreck?"

"Because we believe there's a lot of money in her hold."

"Who told you that?"

"A chap who was out here and got away with some of it."

"Are you runnin' that sloop?"

"I am."

"Maybe we kin make a dicker?"

"You want to be taken off this island?"

"Yes; but we want to be dropped wherever we say."

"Whereabouts?"

"We'll talk about that later."

"What kind of a dicker do you want to make?" asked Blaine, willing to draw the sloop out.

"I'll admit that when we got here two days ago we found a lot of bags of gold in the hold of the wreck. As we found it we have the right to claim it. At any rate we intend holding on to it. You

chaps won't be able to get a smell of it unless you're willin' to treat with us."

"That's so? Suppose we won't take you away, what good is the money to you? You can't carry it away with you without a good sized boat. And how are you goin' to live in this place?"

"Don't you worry about us. We've been through worse than this and I guess we can stand it. And it's none of your business whether we kin carry the money away with us or not. One thing is certain, you won't get it. We'll dump it into the creek first. If you're willin' to come to terms with us, after I talk the matter over with my pals, we can all get an even whack at the money. There's four of you and three of us. There's ten bags of brass. Each of us will take a bag, and we'll divide the rest after countin' it. What do you say?"

"We don't care to dicker on them terms. There's one bag broken open, isn't there?"

"Yes."

"We'll give you chaps that, and provide you with bags to carry it in, and provisions to last you on your journey to the Ganges, which is about thirty miles away as the crow flies, due sou'-west."

"We don't intend to walk if we kin help it."

"Well, you won't go on this sloop, for we hain't got any accommodations for you. We're full up now."

"That's your answer, is it?" said the man.

"Yes, you can take it back to your friends."

"If you think you kin get at that money in spite of us just try it. We're prepared to fight to keep it. I warn you right now if you come nigh that wreck we'll do you up. When you learn what you're up against maybe you'll change your mind. That's all I've got to say now."

The speaker turned on his heel and walked away.

#### CHAPTER IX.—Making Terms.

"Kind of a tough proposition we've got to crack. What do you think, mateys?"

"That's right," nodded Jack. "I don't feel like going ashore with our rifles and shooting them down. Their blood would be on our hands, and I'd always remember it. The gold would feel to me as if it was cursed, and I'd take no pleasure in it."

"I couldn't shoot a man except in self-defence," said Dick.

Sam said nothing. Blaine smoked away meditatively.

"That chap expects us to give in to get a share of the gold," said Jack.

"It won't do to give in. Those fellows would cut our throats or knock us on the head as quick as winking at the first chance. All he was aimin' at was to get aboard the sloop with his pals. He don't intend to give us a square deal. If they're escaped prisoners they'll want that fact kept quiet so they can get out of the country. The easiest way to keep it quiet, and at the same time hold on to all the money themselves, would be to get rid of us. Dead men tell no tales. With the sloop to carry them they'd sail across the bay, and then work along the coast till they reached some place where they felt it would be

safe to leave her and take to the railroad with the gold. I could read the fellow's purpose in his eye."

"If we hang on here, out of their reach, they'll have to leave or starve," said Jack.

"In that case they'd sink the money so as to disappoint us."

"We must keep watch on them and see that they don't do that."

"The moment we interfered there'd be a fight, and blood would be shed. If that has got to come there's no use waitin', but bring matters to a focus at once."

The boys, however, were averse to a scrap with the escaped prisoners, whose identity they now felt certain of, and so matters were allowed to hang fire. Blaine's foot felt so much improved that he took off the bandage and put on his shoe. Then he felt fit for whatever might be in the wind. They kept a sharp watch out lest the men should try to catch them off their guard. Sam was kept forward with the revolver; and instructed to warn the rascals off if they made an attempt to board the sloop. Nothing was heard from the enemy until after Sam was relieved from his post by Dick so that he could get dinner. The smell of frying bacon must have reached the noses of the rascals, for the three came close to the sloop and Dick asked them what they wanted.

"We'd like to buy a mess of that bacon and some bread. We'll pay you £200 in gold for it," said the big man, looking like a famished hyena.

"Nothing doing," replied Dick. "If you agree to go off on the terms made to you I dare say we'll cook you the bacon, and give you all you can eat besides."

The big fellow turned to his companions and talked with them in low tones. What he said Dick couldn't hear. Blaine, hearing the conversation, looked over the side and saw the men. He called Jack out of the cabin, grabbed his rifle and went forward to support Dick if necessary. The three fugitives were ravenous with hunger, having had nothing but one cocoanut between them that morning, and the smell of the bacon, done in Sam's most artistic style, had them nearly crazy for some of it. Dick told the sailor what the men wanted, and the reply he had made them.

"You'd better consent to our terms," said Blaine. "You shall each have a bag to carry off a third of the opened treasure bag in the hold, and another bag to fill with food. We'll give you a box of matches and a piece of oiled skin to keep it dry when you swim the streams. You'll have \$20,000 apiece and a fair chance of getting out of the swamps—a good deal better one than you had getting here from where you came ashore."

"What do you know about us?" snarled the man at his words.

"We don't know anything, but we guess you're the three fellows who swam ashore from the steamer Senegambia while she was anchored off Manlay a while ago."

The fellow gave the sailor a murderous look, and they probably would have rushed the sloop but for the rifle in Blaine's hands and the revolver in Dick's.

"Will you sell us the grub for the £200?" he said.

"No. You know the only terms on which we'll

treat with you and I take it they are good ones. What wouli you fellows do with a whole bag of gold apiece anyway? You'd give yourselves away at the first civilized town you struck and you'd be arrested on suspicion of having robbed somebody. Now \$20,000 apiece will give you chaps a riprearin' time for a long while to come if you don't throw the money away."

The men talked together again.

"Make it £10,000 apiece, a layout of that bacon and all the bread we kin eat, provisions to carry us to Hoogly River—"

"The Hoogly River is a hundred and fifty miles from here."

"What of it? The swamps don't reach all the way there."

"No. You'd strike native farms and villages long before you got there. But you couldn't carry \$50,000 in gold. You'd find it too heavy."

"Never mind what we couldn't carry. We want to take it."

"All right. We'll agree to the £10,000, and all the food you can carry with it."

"And the bacon right away?" said the man, eagerly, while his companions worked their mouths in a famished way.

"You can have it in an hour, after we've eaten our dinner. The cook will make a fresh mess for you, with fried potatoes, bread and butter, and a whole pie."

"We agree. You can have the blame money in the wreck except our share. I'd give a bag of it now for a square meal."

"Go away, then, and come back when we yell for you," said Blaine.

"Can't you give us some bread now to chew on? We're famished."

"Yes, we'll do that."

A small loaf that Sam had baked the day before was tossed to them. It had been sliced in thirds almost through for their convenience. They broke the sections off and began devouring it ravishingly as they went away.

"Hunger is the greatest conquerer in the world," laughed Dick.

"Yes, it will tame a wild animal for the time being."

"Do you think they'll stand by their bargain after they get filled up?" said Jack.

"I don't know. I'm not gain' to take any chances with them. They might make a bunch of grain' away, hang around the island till dark, and then, figuring we're off our guard, make an attempt to capture the sloop. They're wicked enough for anythin', to judge by their looks."

"I think we'd better pole the sloop back into the middle of the creek when it begins to get dark. That will cut us off from them if they have any intention of returning and surprising us," said Jack.

"My idea is to do better. We must try to get the nine bags aboard before dark and set sail on our way back."

"That's a good idea. But we'll have to work quick, and I keep a sharp watch, both on the sloop and on ourselves," said Jack.

"Sam will watch the sloop, or maybe one of us will. I'd better do it, keeping your ride to him. The rest of us will break out the bags, carrying a bag full each. Later we'll sew the

bags up. I bought more bags than we'll need, that's why we can afford to give those chaps two each—one for their gold and the other to carry grub in," said the sailor.

Here Sam announced dinner, and leaving the black boy on watch they entered the cabin and ate it. After Sam had had his own dinner he set to work to make a meal for the three fugitives from justice. While he was thus engaged Jack left the sloop and went to the inner edge of the grass to see where the men were. They were seated in the shade of a tree near the wreck talking. Jack would have given something to have heard what they were saying. Then an idea struck him. When the men were called to their meal he would secret himself in the wreck and listen to what they had to say after their hunger had been satisfied. He returned on board and laid his plan before Blaine. The sailor approved of it and warned him to be cautious.

"I'll carry the revolver with me, and should you hear a shot you'll know I'm in trouble, and you can come to my aid," said Jack.

The matter being settled, he went ashore again, and walked around through the grass to cover the stern of the wreck. This part of the old craft was buried out of sight in the mud and sand. He managed so well that the three men did not suspect his presence on shore. He waited till Blaine shouted to the men to come and get their dinner. They needed no second bidding, but started for the bow of the sloop as fast as they could walk. The moment they disappeared into the line of grass, Jack ran aboard the hulk and sprang down into the hold. There he saw ten bags of treasure, each bearing the seal of the Rajah's treasure at their closed mouths, though it would have been hard to have deciphered the inscription at that time. One of the bags had a gaping slit in it—the one that the sailor Tom Smith helped himself to a bucketful of the gold out of. Jack thrust in his hand and pulled out a lot of East Indian gold pieces, such as was current fifty years previous. They were about the size and weight of English sovereigns. He dropped them in his pocket and then looked around for a place to conceal himself.

There were several ship's chests, one of which had been broken into, and which contained East Indian military attire of the period when the Kohinoor was in commission. A big barrel lay jammed against one of the chests, and Jack got behind that. He found he had for companionship part of a skeleton. The grawsome object did not bother him any, though at first it had given him a start. Here he waited and sweitered in the musty hold for a while and then he heard the three rascals returning. They came down into the hold with their dinners done up in paper. They squatted down and began devouring it like very hungry men. They ate it up, then they lay it up every man, and then they got up, which they topped off with. Then they lay back, pulled pipes out of their pockets and began to smoke with the tobacco Blaine had given them.

"I feel as fit as a fiddle, blime me, if I don't," said the fellow in the striped suit.

"I'm as full as a tank," said the sailor.

"So am I," said the third, "you're as full as

I'd like to be. I'd give a handful of them shiners for a good drink of rum now."

"Maybe we kin bone some of the sailors afore we leave," said the first speaker.

"But are we goin' to leave, me covies?" said the convict.

"We agreed to," said the big man.

"That was when we were empty an' I could 'ear me innards rattle. I thought it was understood what we were goin' to do. Fill our bags with some of the gold, get the provisions for our trip, and then make a start for the island ahead. Then we were to lie low, y' know, till well along in the night. Then we was to sneak back, board the bloomin' sloop, and knock them chaps on the 'ead. After that we were to snooze till mornin', then load the bags aboard of her, and sail away. Ain't that the time of day, my covies?"

The others agreed that that was the programme and they discussed it in full, and Jack, in his hiding place, found out just what they intended to do.

#### CHAPTER X.—The Attempted Surprise.

When all had been settled to their satisfaction, one of them brought forward the three bags Blaine had given them to put their agreed share of the money in, and they proceeded to fill them from the slitted bag. There was the equivalent of \$70,000 in the big bag, and when they had divided the money in three parts they found their shares mighty heavy to carry. They had asked for £10,000 each, and the bags contained less than half as much. At that there was more than they could conveniently carry. After filling their bags, and blaming their weight, they sat down and had another smoke. They talked over their plans after they got hold of the sloop. They said they would cross the bay and sail down the eastern coast of the Indian peninsular to Madras. There they proposed to head up their gold in small kegs labeled rum, and ship it to England by the first steamer en route, taking passage themselves in the vessel. Having reached this satisfactory conclusion, they got up, took the bags and left the hulk to go after their bags of provisions, and make the pretence of a start.

"I made no mistake in playing spy on those people. Now we are wise to their intentions, and when they try to work their little game I fancy we'll give them the surprise of their lives," murmured Jack.

He remained a while in the hold and then took a peep over the broken bulwark. The three rascals had been to the sloop, got their bags of grub and were walking away toward the point where the creek narrowed around the island, and was fordable, though four feet deep. Blaine and Dick followed them at a distance with their rifles to see that they really quitted the island. When the sailor and Dick returned after seeing the enemy cross over to the next island and vanish into the grass, Jack joined them.

"Learn anythin'?" asked Blaine.

"Did I? I should say I did. I hid in the hold where they came down to eat, and they have arranged to do exactly as we suspected they might."

Jack told his story from first to last, and the sailor swore at the intended treachery of the men they had helped. Dick was anxious to see the interior of the hold and the bags of gold, so the three went to the wreck and boarded her. Jack remained on deck on the lookout while Blaine and Dick went down. It had already been decided to open the sealed bags and transfer their contents to the small bags Elaine had provided and which would hold about \$25,000 each. Dick remained on the hulk while Jack and the sailor returned to the sloop for the bags. They found Sam on guard with a rifle on the bows, where he had been posted. It did not take long for Blaine and Jack to get the bags and return to the wreck. One of the bags was cut open and half its contents transferred to two of the small ones. Dick and Jack made the first trip back to the sloop, and found the weight of the bags as much as they cared to carry a short distance. Two bags were stored in the cabin and Dick and Sam went to the hulk, Jack taking the rest. When they arrived Elaine had filled two more bags, and was filling a third. He and Sam made the trip this time, while Dick undertook the job of filling the bags. After the last trip Jack and Dick went back to look the wreck over for anything else of value. They opened the chests, and selected several of the garments, made out of rich material, which they found in good condition. They packed a small chest full of the goods, together with an ornamental, curved sword, and several other curious articles they turned up, and took it with them to the sloop. It was close on to sundown and there was nothing more to detain them at the swamp island. Unfortunately it had dropped to a dead calm which practically tied the sloop to the spot.

"We can't get away after all," said Jack. "How unfortunate!"

"We'll unmoor anyway and pole the sloop into the center of the creek with her nose pointed the way she's bound," said Blaine.

The mooring line was let go and the boys poled the little craft into the middle of the narrow stream. While they were doing it Sam cooked supper, and by the time they sat down to it darkness had fallen.

"Can't we pole the sloop down the stream a little way?" suggested Jack after supper.

"Yes, we can do that," said Elaine, "but it will be something of a job."

"Dick and I will tackle the job and see what progress we can make."

The boys each took a pole and started it. They found it was not so easy as working the bows or the stern around toward the shore as they had done before. The bottom was soft and they couldn't get a good grip on it. They labored for an hour and the result was not very encouraging. Finally they gave it up, and laid out their plans for defence against the expected attack. They decided not to do any sleeping that night. The defenders felt that with their magazine guns they had little to fear from the three men, but they hated to have to shoot the fellows.

"We must let them see that we are on the alert, and warn them off," said Jack. "They know we are armed and that they can do noth-

ing with us as long as they have failed to take us by surprise."

Blaine nodded as he puffed his pipe. So the night advanced. About eleven, Sam got down into the galley to watch from there. Jack and Dick lay flat on the deck on either side of the boom, with their rifles beside them, while the sailor sat on a stool just inside the cabin door. All around the howl of the wild animals echoed on the calm night air. Another hour passed and nothing happened. The warmth of the night, and the inaction, made the boys sleepy. Sam had dozed off at his post. The sailor, however, was as alert as at any time. Midnight passed and Blaine came on deck to see how the watchers were. He found the boys awake, but not feeling very bright. He told them the time and warned them to brighten up as the enemy might be looked for at any time now. Sam was fast asleep and Blaine shook him into wakefulness. Then he returned to his post. Fifteen minutes later Jack and the sailor both saw the grass move and two men wade out into sight and look toward the sloop. The third chap joined them and they stood talking together. Then the fellow in the striped suit started to swim out to the vessel. The others remained where they were watching him.

"One of them is swimming toward us. See him, Dick?" said Jack.

"I see his head and the movement of his feet," replied Dick.

The man came on and reached the sloop. He reached up and seized the rail and was in the act of putting his leg over when the sailor appeared from the cabin and shoved the muzzle of his rifle against his head.

"Git, or I'll blow your head off!" he said.

The convict was so startled that he lost his grip and fell back in the water with a splash. He went under and when he came up Blaine said:

"We're on to you chaps, and the bunch of us are waitin' ready to give you all a warm reception. Sheer off now, and consider yourself lucky that you haven't got a bullet into you. The next attempt you fellows make to board us will be received with lead and not words. Now get a move on, and be quick about it."

#### CHAPTER XI.—Conclusion.

Blaine and the boys watched the rascal join his friends and stand talking to them. The whole bunch flung imprecations and threats at those in the sloop and then disappeared into the grass.

The general opinion was that they had seen the last of the scoundrels. The three boys turned in and the sailor kept watch for the rest of the night. The enemy did not reappear. With the rising of the sun a slight breeze began blowing across the swamps, and the party got their sails up to make the most of it. It was not strong enough to move them along at the rate

of perhaps a mile in an hour. When they sat down to dinner at noon the breeze had died out altogether, leaving them once more becalmed near the junction of two streams. The sailor and the two boys were in great good humor over the success of their expedition. Sam's heart had also been made glad by the promise of a small share of the treasure. While it is true they had not secured the whole million, they figured they would divide the sum of \$900,000 between the three of them. Three hundred thousand was a big lot of money for each of the boys to start life with. Its possession would gloss over their crazy act of running away from school and shipping as common sailors, and win their parents' forgiveness. As for the sailor they knew that he never would be able to spend half of his share during the rest of his natural life by rational endeavors. However, he did not worry about what he might leave after him when the inexorable summons of Death called him away. As no one could carry anything out of the world, no matter how rich he might be, the sailor would be on even terms with the world when his final accounts were balanced.

"As the money is in old-fashioned native coins how are we going to exchange so much of it for English gold?" said Jack.

"By the way, we'll be made to explain how we came by it," said Dick. "When the Rajah's successor hears that the money is the missing million shipped by his predecessor he is quite liable to put in a claim for it with the English authorities. British law might sustain his claim, and award us only a comparatively small reward."

"I've figured on that, my hearty," said Blaine, "and I'm goin' to provide against it. No one knows the object of our cruise. You chaps gave out aboard your ship that you were bound on a pleasure trip. We'll sew up the bags after breakfast. When we arrive at Calcutta I'll get a lot of kegs and we'll head the money up in them. Then we'll ship it aboard your craft as freight consigned to one of your dads, and you fellows will return in the vessel just as if nothing had happened to make you rich. I'll follow by steamer via England and will reach New York way ahead of your hooker. All I'll have to do will be to wait till you show up."

"I hope this calm won't last," said Jack. "I'm in a hurry to get back. The cap'n might have compromised the trouble by paying the coolie their price. In that case it would take less than a week to finish loading the ship."

"If we were not on hand when the ship was ready to sail the skipper wouldn't wait for us, I'll bet," said Dick.

"What do you care?" said Blaine. "We'll all go back to the States by steamer, then, and you'd get there much the quicker."

The calm held, however, all the afternoon, and all through the night, during which they kept a regular ship watch, though there did not seem one chance in a thousand that they'd hear any thing more from the three rascals, whom they had left about five miles back. Next day the dead calm continued.

## AFTER A MISSING MILLION

"Maybe the breeze will spring up at sunset," said Blaine, encouragingly.

It didn't, and so they were in for another hot night. The boys found it a difficult matter to remain awake under the circumstances during their four-hour spell of watching. The heat, and the solitude produced a feeling of lassitude that overcame them, and Jack was falling asleep into a doze when he recollected that it was close to midnight and time to call Dick to take his place. Two o'clock came and a thin crescent moon rose in the starlit sky. Dick had been on duty hours, but not on watch all that time. He had been sound asleep with his head on his arm for a full hour. As far as any good he was doing by being up he might as well have been a wooden Indian. And it was a time when he should have been awake to look out for his own interests and those of his companions on board, for down the creek was gliding a rowboat, in which sat three men, one of whom was doing the rowing in a leisurely way. The reader will easily guess who they were, though he may be surprised to find the rascals in possession of a boat. The fact was they found the craft abandoned in a small inlet, its owner, a native, who had come into the swamps for some purpose, having fallen a victim to the bite of a cobra which he had accidentally stepped on in the grass.

"We'll catch the bloomin' chaps asleep this time," said the convict, "and we'll put them fast asleep for good."

"Right you are, my buck," said the big man. "Let me get my fingers around the sailor's neck once and I'll squeeze the breath out of him in a jiffy."

During the day they lay at one of the islands and went to sleep. When darkness fell they resumed their way, and it wasn't long before they saw the sloop lying motionless ahead.

"There she is, my covies," said the convict. "We must lie low for a while. It's too early for us to get any closer to her."

The others agreed that it was, so they pulled into the grass and lay there for a number of hours. When they finally decided that it was time to proceed they started to creep down in the shadow, like a tiger sneaking on its prey. And the time seemed propitious for the success of their unholy enterprise, for every soul was asleep aboard the sloop at that moment. No one likes to have bad dreams, but sometimes they prove useful. Jack arose suddenly from one, bathed in perspiration. He had seen in his sleep the three scoundrels creeping down upon himself and his companions, whom he pictured asleep on the deck of the treasure hulk.

"Lord, what a dream that was!" he exclaimed. "The fellows seemed to have us dead to rights! I'm glad it was only a dream, and that there's little chance of the chaps coming at us again. I wonder what time it is, and how Dick is getting on? That heat might have put him to sleep. I'll take a look at him."

He got out of his bunk and went to the cabin door, which was open. He started back at the sight he saw. A boat had come up under the sloop and three men were in her, one in the act

of stepping aboard within two feet of the sleeping Dick. Jack recovered in a moment and realized that the sloop was almost in the hands of the three scoundrels. He seized his revolver and stepped back to the door. The convict was in the cockpit and was in the act of seizing Dick by the throat. Jack pulled the trigger. There was a flash, a sharp report, and a terrible yell from the convict, who fell back against the side of the sloop. The shot awoke Dick and Blaine. The latter rushed to Jack's side and looked out.

"The rascals are upon us, and I've shot one of them as he was reaching for Dick, who was asleep," said Jack.

Blaine uttered an imprecation and rushed for his rifle.

"Off with you!" cried Jack, as the big man paused with one foot over the sloop's side.

Blaine shoved his rifle at the fellow.

"Git!" he said, "or I'll fill you full of lead."

Dick picked up his Remington, which had fallen to the floor of the cockpit, and covered the other with it.

"Make them take the fellow I wounded with them. We don't want him aboard."

As the disappointed ruffians were giving up the fight Blaine picked the convict up in his arms and threw him into the boat.

"Be off with you, and remember you won't catch us nappin' again, not if I have to watch myself every night," roared the sailor.

The two scoundrels rowed away with their groaning companion, and they flung back imprecations on the heads of the people who had defeated their purpose just as it was about to prove successful. Dick was ashamed that he had been asleep, and thus had endangered the lives of all on board, but the others did not find any fault with him openly. All remained awake the rest of the night. A breeze sprang up in the morning and twenty-four hours later they reached the Ganges and started toward the delta. It took them four days more to reach Calcutta, and they found that the Morning Glory had completed her loading and sailed the afternoon before. That left them no alternative about taking the next steamer.

The money was put into kegs, labeled "Nails," and shipped to England on the steamer they took themselves. The kegs were reshipped to New York by an Atlantic liner, in which they also took passage, and a week later they landed in the United States. The boys were received with open arms by their families, and their escapade forgiven.

The East Indian gold was sold to the Sub-treasury for \$910,000. Each took \$300,000, and Sam was given the \$10,000. And so the party who went after the missing million were now happy in the possession of the treasure of the week.

Next week's issue will contain "A BOY FROM THE STREETS; OR, THE OLD BROKER'S PROTEGE." A story of Wall street.

## CURRENT NEWS

## TEN BASS FROM ONE HOLE

Jacob Loes, seventy-six years old and Civil War veteran of Cascade, La., holds the record for the bass season. On Nov. 1 Loes caught ten black bass that averaged over two pounds each. The bass were all taken from the same hole and big-mouthed chubs were used for bait. Loes walked five miles to make the catch.

## SHOT PIERCES BUCK AND KILLS DOE

E. J. Williams, a Huntington, Pa., veterinarian, killed a large buck and doe with one shot in the Diamond Valley, twenty miles from here, the other day. Williams and A. Myers, Blair County Game Warden, were hunting side by side when Williams sighted the buck, twenty yards away. The Huntington man's first shot struck the buck and passed through its body, striking a doe in the neck, severing the jugular vein. Williams has forwarded \$100 fine to the Game Commission at Harrisburg.

## LAMPS THAT SING

The standard type of miner's lamp has been improved by an Austrian mining engineer so that it acts as an infallible detector of the presence of inflammable gases in the atmosphere and gives warning by emitting a loud singing note.

The action of the device is dependent upon the fact that a gas flame, inclosed within a tube, both ends of which are open, will "flutter" and emit a high-pitched note if the gas is fed in too great quantities.

The feed in the new lamp is so regulated that the supply of gas is held just below the point at which singing would occur. Should the atmosphere suddenly become charged with inflammable gases, these will enter the tube of the lamp, and, burning, cause the flames to flutter and sing.

## BIG IRRIGATION

The Greater Wenatchee Irrigation Association is planning to spend close to \$5,000,000 in irrigating a tract of 46,000 acres in the neighborhood of Lake Wenatchee.

It is expected that work on the canals and ditches will be started next year.

The land that is to be irrigated is now worth from \$10 to \$50 per acre, while adjoining property that is irrigated and under cultivation is worth \$2,000. The cost of irrigation is estimated at \$100 per acre. Much of the land will be planted in apple orchards but large sections will be used for general agriculture.

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# Daring Dan Dobson

—OR—

## THE BOY WHO BEAT THE MOONSHINERS

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

### CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"Why, look here!" cried Dan, in excitement. "This is somethin' queer, all right enough."

Dan wrenched the pipes loose, and discovered that it was shaped in a spiral form. With it under the ashes were several more pieces in different shape.

"It's part of a whisky still, as sure as death!" muttered the lad, unearthing more.

He examined the ground and noticed wagon tracks up close to the foundations.

"Zach! Zach!" he cried. "Here is a still ready to put together; come and look."

The old fellow slipped off his horse and came on the run to satisfy his curiosity.

"Well, by gravy, if it ain't!"

Zach turned around with his foot in the ashes. In about ten minutes' search they uncovered the complete parts of a brand-new whisky-making machine, which could have turned out a fine lot of the illicit stuff.

"Now, what ye goin' ter do with it?" inquired Dan's elder companion, with a quizzical smile.

"Maybe I'll start in business myself," laughed Dan. "This is how I'm going to do it."

With the words he gave the spiral pipe a vigorous kick.

Taking his gun-blatt, he broke it into several pieces against the rock foundation. Then he kept on with this work until he had demolished the entire outfit past all hopes of use.

Zachary watched him quietly. At last the old fellow spoke.

"I reckon you know who owns that stuff?" he inquired.

"I suppose that Jake Newcastle is the man higher up," said young Dobson. "But he's welcome to it now. I guess they brought it here in a wagon, and left it to get it later, and put up somewhere. They'll find it in need of repairs when they call to get it, Zachary. Won't they?"

"Yes! That will set Newcastle back about a thousand dollars, for that pipe is all copper, like the big r'port. It is very expensive—that still goes about for distilling the first grade of whisky for Louisville and Cincinnati. There's lots of them, and I ain't sent into the big concerns who fill up their barrels ag'in, an' save about a hundred per cent! But what'll ye do of Newcastle men should come along?"

As he asked the question two mounted men suddenly appeared along the roadway, from the opposite direction of their own course.

They were long-haired, unkempt, and looked like mountain bandits.

"Look thar!" cried one of the men, pointing to Dan, and the telltale fragments of the destroyed still.

"Rev'noo spies!" shouted the other.

They wheeled on their horses and galloped away like a flash.

"This is getting interesting, Zachary," said Dan. "Look at the dust! I think you and I had better get along further up the hill, on that knoll, and watch out to see what they are going to do. How about it?"

Zachary shook his head grimly.

"We're in for some hard fightin'—I knowed it would come, fer ye can't keep out of trouble with these moonshiners here ef ye're a stranger. It jest seems ter happen all the time."

They mounted their horses, and rode on on the road to the high ground indicated by Dan.

Here they dismounted to scan the country.

Far down the road they could see the two moonshiners on their wiry horses joining several other men, who were accompanying a wagon.

"See—that is the wagon they're bringing for the still. Evidently they have muddled it along by relays, Zach. I guess they don't even trust each other."

### CHAPTER VIII.

Holding the Highland Citadel.

"That is the crowd that was coming for the still, all right. See, they are pretty open about it with this outfit," said Zachary. "They have the barrels of corn pulp right ready. I reckon as how t'other wagon went purty secret about it. Now, they're sure of their own country, and they don't keer."

Dan looked around.

"Well, we are on a fine position here, and if we keep on around this road, we can circle the hill, and then work back through the under-brush, leading the horses. That way we can be at an elevation for the entire country, and they can't rush us. Maybe they won't know we are here. Anyway, I don't intend to run away from them."

Zachary started his horse along the road, at Dan's suggestion, as he replied.

"There ain't no place to run away to, nohow, Dan. That's the reason I advised you to steer clear of trouble. Well, we'll just round about an' see what they're goin' to do."

The two walked their horses on over the hill, and down the other side out of the view of the gang far below.

Then they turned on their tracks and by a circular path, which they forced through the scrubby and evergreens, they reached the top of the hill once more, surrounded by the protecting verdure, which kept them from the eyes of the men below.

"Now, see—they are looking over what is left of their still!" said Dan, peering cautiously through the low-drooping boughs of the pines at the men below.

"Gosh, an' ain't they a-cussin'!"

"They are waxing eloquent in more than one way," said Dan, who took in every detail.

(To be continued.)

## FROM ALL POINTS

## OLD TURKISH STAMPS

A great discovery of Turkish stamps is reported from Constantinople, while a packet numbering 15,000 examples of the earliest issues has been found in the archives of the Finance Ministry. These early Turkish stamps are said to be rare and much sought after by collectors, and it is believed a quantity at one time will affect the stamp market.

## SNAKE QUITS HIBERNATING

Twelve-year-old Norman Kungst of Enhaut, Pa., captured a huge black snake last summer and made a pet of it. During the cold wave he buried it in a nice warm bed in the garden. The snake decided it was too warm to hibernate and crawled out and made its way downtown, coiling up in front of the Postoffice. The Postmaster had no mail seekers while the snake was on the job.

## HUNTERS DOUBLED IN STATE

An unusual abundance of game in New York State this year caused an exceptionally heavy demand for hunting licenses, the Conservation Commission made known recently. Revenues from licenses were nearly 100 per cent. greater than during a corresponding period last year and larger than any preceding year since organization of the commission.

For the five months ending November 30, Conservation Commissioner Ellis J. Staley turned into the State Treasury \$175,962 as the receipts from licenses, sale of trees, fines and penalties. This was an increase of \$59,630 over the receipts for the corresponding months last year.

## SAVING MONEY NATION'S STRENGTH, SAYS SECRETARY MELLON

In a letter to Stewart W. Wells, president of a May 15, 1919, Bank, who had requested an expression on the subject of thrift and systematic saving of money, the Hon. Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, said:

"It has always been a firm conviction with me that ability to save money is one of the essential elements in individual success. The economic habits of the people are a fair index to the economic strength of the nation. I know, therefore, of no more influential effect that could be made upon American society than that the practice of saving money should become universal."

"In continuing the Treasury savings movement after the close of the recent war it was the object of the Treasury Department that the economic habits developed in America during the war might be made permanent and that the saving and accumulation of money might become a daily practice. Let me assure you that any effort on the part of the banking institutions to improve the general condition of the people through the medium of savings banks will be greatly appreciated by the Treasury Department."

## FINE COLLECTION

Many years ago S. M. Swenson, former Texas ranchman and later banker of New York, and father of E. P. Swanson, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the National City Bank of that city, donated to the University of Texas one of the most complete and rarest collections of ancient coins and medals to be found in this country. In it are 3,476 pieces of money, of which 2,217 are bronze.

Many of these coins date back to several centuries before the beginning of the Christian Era, and very few of them are of more recent date than the sixth century. They belong to the times when Egypt and Rome ruled the earth. Besides the large collection of coins there are 1,846 medals in the lot. All of these belong to ancient times. Of the medals, 607 are silver and the remainder bronze.

The nominal value placed upon this collection at the time it was donated to the university was \$145,000. It is stated that it is really worth far more than that sum. The elder Swenson spent many years collecting these coins and medals. From remote parts of Egypt, India, Turkey, the Holy Land and even from the countries of the Far East were obtained the relics of civilizations long past and gone.

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## The Mutiny

By PAUL LEADDON

I was born a slave, a negro, a lad in my youth as ever I shall be again, although I have been educated, and I have learned with a bitter teacher that the last death had deprived me of my soul. I have not been taken care of in my childhood, nor educated by any feelings of tenderness. I have been far from congenial, and to this day I gazed out at the age of fourteen and trudged on foot to New York.

The sea had always been my bally, and I forthwith began looking for a berth, and finally found one on board of the L. P. S. Captain Burke, and shipped in her for a voyage to the East Indies.

The captain had made his way up from before the last, or was a trifle older in every respect. He was a man in no sense respects, for it is hard to find a man like this man. He was also a strict disciplinarian, and would break no trule in the discipline of the ship.

Let a man offend to a certainty or hardly, and no better man could be found to bring him with than Captain Burke, but let him "kick over the traces," as they say, and the flog would be to pay.

In those days the cat's-end was frequently resorted to, and I never heard of it applied so many before we had been out a week.

They were evil, hard-dog looking fellows, love of foul language, and fault with others; and they were a crew of turbulent, and sullen, and several of them were drunkards, their mates, and by using their power to get them to help out. The captain got an inkling of this, and ordered them to duty, with a severe punishment. Besides which, he caused them to cut off their green, the hard-cutting, so that he could have none. They only received several days after, and it was reported, they were strung up by the thumbs, and, under the captain's supervision, received the severest flogging I have ever known.

They refused to obey him, but with the very possible grace, and more than one of us heard them swear vengeance against the captain.

Several other unfortunate were flogged for misdemeanors of various kinds, and these joined with Stopple and Brace in their denunciation of the captain.

Certainly Captain Burke carried his discipline too far; — far, in fact, it is almost cruel, but without I have always thought him honest and sincere in what he did.

I had boarded the ship, intending to do what was right, and I endeavored to make my self an able seaman. Captain Burke had only taken me because he could not get an able seaman, and somehow he always appeared to have an idea that I was a slave, and was not an enemy, also, as I could only get along, and do me very well.

In the fore astern, one day, I heard that which

led me to believe that the conspirators meditated taking forcible possession of the ship, and were only waiting until their number was augmented by a couple more members.

Getting a chance I hinted this to the second officer, and he in turn told the captain, intimating, however, that he was indebted to his own observation for the knowledge. The captain pooh-poohed the idea. The second officer, however, insisted that there was danger, and intrusted me with the delicate task of learning more.

In endeavoring to do this I for the first time neglected a part of my duty. Captain Burke's eagle eye detected this and I was summoned.

"You failed to attend to your duty," he said.

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"Why?"

I glanced at the second officer, but he remained silent, knowing that an explanation would show that he had prevaricated to the captain as to his source of information concerning the malcontents.

"Why?" thundered the captain.

I could not explain, for numbers of the conspirators were close at hand, and taking my silence for sullen refusal, the captain gave the order to string me up and give me twenty strokes of the cat.

I accepted the punishment without a murmur, though I could not help thinking how unjust it all was. They released me at last, my back all cut and bleeding.

"Now go below," said the captain grimly. "And be the first man on deck when your watch is called."

It was almost dark then, and I did not see the noise and motions of the conspirators as I passed them.

I had not been below more than fifteen minutes when the bell struck, and I tumbled up on deck; it was dark now, and the later night promised to be darker still, as the horizon was covered with black clouds.

An hour later I looked up to see Stopple by my side. It rather surprised me, as this was his off watch, and I watched him closely. Laying his finger on his lips, to indicate quiet, he whispered: "Come forward."

"I can't leave my post."

"That's all right; it will be filled," and he whispered the name of a co-conspirator who was in my watch.

"It's a bloody shame the way the captain treated you," said Stopple, when we had reached the catheads.

I could not but assent.

"Do you want to get square on him?"

"How?"

"I'll tell you. We're goin' to rise on him, an' this very night at that. Of course you'll jine?"

"What, then, after you get the ship in your hands?"

"I don't know exactly," he said. "Maybe we'll carry the black flag. I'll be blamed if it wouldn't be better nor standin' such things as we do."

"But——"

"Hold on!" he interposed. "One of our felle—— take a trick at the wheel afore long, an' the captain an' first officer is asleep, an' the third officer has charge of the deck. All of our crowd

will be upon deck, an' when the word comes we batten down the fo'castle hatch an' lock the captain in his room, an' starve him to terms. That's the plan. We want you to be one of the ones to go into the cabin, an' I'll give you a pistol to shoot the captain if he makes any resistance."

"I won't do it!" said I bluntly.

"Won't?" gasped Stopple, who had taken it for granted that I would join them.

"No."

"Well, see here," he said fiercely, "you don't mean for to give us away?"

"I do," said I boldly. "I'll not be a party to bloodshed and piracy."

With an oath, and before I could divine his intention, Stopple had me by the throat and commenced choking me.

"You son of a sea-cook!" he hissed. "You'll never live to do it," and he began forcing me back to the rail.

I struggled as hard as I could, but I was only a child in strength to him, and he picked me up; I tried to scream, but I could not, and the next instant he gave me a toss, and I plunged into the sea.

I came to the surface and saw the black hull of the vessel gliding past, and I attempted to utter a cry, which was choked back by the salt spray that flew into my mouth.

I gave myself up for lost, when, just as I was being left astern, something struck me. I grasped and my hand encountered a rope, which I at first thought had been thrown overboard to me.

The salt water soon brought on an agonizing pain, having soaked through my clothing and into the fresh cuts on my back.

I attempted again to cry for help, but was nearly strangled and washed from the line, for the wind had freshened and a choppy sea was running.

I had hung on thus more than half an hour, and my situation began to grow desperate, and I was on the point of screaming when I heard that which kept me still. It was Stopple in low conversation with the wheelman on deck, who was a conspirator.

I knew I must get on board without being seen by them, and also knew the time was now hard at hand when the mutinous blow was to be struck.

I heard Stopple go, and then summoning to my aid all the strength I had, I climbed up the rope half a dozen feet. My upward progress was very slow, and often I slipped backward, each new slip plunging me deeper into despair, and yet arousing in me renewed determination to succeed.

At last I was in front of the rear cabin windows, and to my joy one of them was open, but it was six or eight feet from me. How to reach it was the question. I solved it by getting a swinging motion back and forth, and each time I describes the diameter of a circle I came nearer the window, till at last I prepared for the fearful jump. I last let go of the rope and catch myself inside the window.

Suppose there should be nothing there to hook my fingers on? I shuddered at the bare prospect, but my courage never failed. My determination

was unaltered. I took the last swing, let go of the rope, and—clutched the sill, and in two seconds hauled myself inside of the cabin.

Trembling more now that the danger was over than I had when face to face with it, I tottered to the captain's stateroom, and, arousing him, I hurriedly and nervously told him my story.

He seized his pistols, and, backed by the first officer and myself, hurried on deck, and dashing forward, found the mutineers gathered, arming themselves with belaying-pins, hand-spikes and other weapons. Except Stopple and a couple of others, they caved at once.

Stopple and those who showed fight received some very rough treatment, and in addition some pistol wounds, and were then imprisoned in the hold.

They afterward received proper punishment. During the rest of the voyage the captain gave up the use of the "cat," and the conspirators proved a most docile set of men, for which good behavior they were not included in the report of the mutiny.

As to myself, Captain Burke was profuse in his apologies, and repented having whipped me very much, and taking me under his protection, he advanced me rapidly, and, in fact, all I have in the world came indirectly through him.

#### ANIMALS LIKE CANDY

Human beings are not the only inhabitants of the earth who relish candy. There are few dumb animals that do not appreciate candy, and many of them fairly crave it, says the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. Furthermore, most authorities agree that it is good for them.

"Man o' War," the race horse, has a particular hankering after sweet things. Practically all the motion pictures of him show him eating a small tidbit from the hand of a prominent society woman.

It's getting to be quite the thing for a policeman to pull up his horse to the sidewalk while some person offers the animal a piece of candy. There aren't any better natured or more intelligent horses than those ridden by the mounted police of Cleveland and they always seem properly gratified when offered sweets. One policeman was telling his experience with a fluffy little girl who always insisted upon feeding chocolates to his horse.

"I'd see her every week or so," he said, sadly, "and she'd always open a box of wonderful chocolates and give half of them to the horse. Then she'd close the box and go away. She never once offered me any. It must be great to be a horse."

One Cleveland woman who owns several blooded dogs says her animals have developed a discriminating taste for candy. She says they invariably exhibit more pleasure when fed a good brand of chocolates than when they are fed a cheaper brand.

Practically all animal trainers will agree that better results can be obtained by rewarding an animal when it performs than by punishing it when it fails to perform. One of the most successful dog trainers in vaudeville says that by keeping a pocketful of chocolate drops on hand he can get better results than by using a whip.

## FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

NEW YORK, JANUARY 20, 1922.

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## INTERESTING ARTICLES

## GOSHEN MAN FINDS HONEY

Grant Hugh Browne, proprietor of Brownleigh Park, at Goshen, N. Y., where he lives, having been annoyed by bees about his house, took down one of the porch pillars and discovered a large quantity of fine honey and a big swarm of bees. It is believed the bees have made their headquarters there for several years.

## ONLY A TALKING DOLL

The holiday rush was on in the Sandusky post-office and Postmaster James A. Ryan was helping out. He hustled a good sized box to a carriers' bench and was placing it for delivery when he heard a "mah-mah," and then a prolonged "wah-h-h-h" that came from the inside.

"What's this—some one shipping a kid by parcel post?" asked Ryan.

An investigation followed. The box was opened. Inside was found a life-sized doll.

## WEIGHTED WITH GOLD, BIG TRUCK COLLAPSES

The wheel of a big truck that was passing down Broadway the other afternoon at 3 o'clock collapsed at Murray street and the splintering of the wooden spokes and the jolt of the heavy weight hitting these pavements caused the usual gaping crowd to gather. It is perfectly safe now to announce that the splintering of the wheel was caused by the weight of \$2,000,000 worth of gold ingots.

Ajax Whitman, the Police Department's strongest truck lifting impresario, was on duty at the Murray street corner, luckily. He managed to hold the disabled truck steady until another was sent to replace it. The transfer of the gold was made under the protection of rifles and shot-guns.

## WOMAN PLANS LONG WALK

At a stage in life where most people become old, Mrs. Mary... Joy of No. 2010 Curtis Street, Denver, Colo., is planning to walk to New York in the spring.

Mrs. Joy, who is eighty years old, has already made two transcontinental trips and expected to make one to the East this fall, but circumstances arose which prevented her from starting before cold weather set in.

Mrs. Joy is a quaint little old lady who looks her age and yet seems in the best of health. She unconcernedly declared her intention of taking a walking tour that other women of her age would not attempt.

Most people would find it hard to conceive of a woman of eighty years travelling 3,000 miles on foot, but as both of Mrs. Joy's cross-country excursions have been taken in the last seven years, the thing can be done.

Mrs. Joy was born in Troy, N. Y., in 1841, before the Mexican War, her family name being Streeter. Thirty years ago she married Andrew Joy of Albany, N. Y., a boot turner, who has been dead several years.

## LAUGHS

Mother—Lucy, did you tell God how naughty you were last night? Lucy—No, ma; for I was shamed to let it out of the family.

Bill Coons—Here's a footprint. It is a man's. Goldie—But the culprit is a woman. Bill Coons—Then it must be a miss-print.

Anxious Passenger—Do you have many wrecks on this line? Conductor (reassuringly)—Oh, no; you're the first one I've seen for some time.

"I seen der funeral of Goldberg, der millionaire, yesterday, und I cried like a baby!" "Vy? He vasn't a relative to you, vas he?" "No, dot vas vy I cried."

"I should not think such a prominent man would care to have a cheap cigar named after him." "Why not? He likes to have his name in everybody's mouth."

Patient—I wish to consult you with regard to my utter loss of memory. Doctor—Ah, yes! Why—er—in cases of this nature, I always require my fee in advance.

Guest—Have you a fire-escape in this house? Landlord—Two of 'em, sir. Guest—I thought so. The fire all escaped from my room last night, and I came near freezing.

"Ven Rosenstein failed he made me a preferred creditor." "Vat you mean?" "All der rest of his creditors had to wait thirty days to find out dey vouldn't get a cent. I knew it immediately."

Cholly—Yaaas; he called me a bare-faced lizh, bah jove. Gussie—Weally? And what did you do, deah boy? Cholly—I told him if I wanted to I could waise just as big a mustache as his; so I did.

## A FEW GOOD ITEMS

## ANCIENT COFFIN

John Sobisz of the Town of Sharon, attended the funeral of a sister at Stevens Point, Wis., and to friends he let it be known that twenty years ago he had constructed his own coffin when he thought he was about to die.

He has the coffin yet, though he says he recently had to repair it because of damage done by worms, rats and mice.

Sobisz is ninety-eight years old, and said he does not now expect to use the coffin until he has passed his century mark.

## DUCKS FAIL TO LEAVE DAKOTAS FOR SOUTHLAND.

A few weeks ago a report was sent out by the Federal Bureau of Biological Survey from Washington stating that the southern migration of waterfowl was taking place about two weeks earlier this year than usual. This is not the case, as thousands of ducks still remain in this section and, for that matter, throughout the eastern and southern lake section of the State. Even the groonwing teal, which is one of the first birds to leave for the South, still remains along the lakes and sloughs near here. Mallards, blue bills, spoonbills and redheads are also here in great numbers.

## WEALTH IN ONE ACRE

Revenue on eggs and honey from a one-acre "farm" on the outskirts of Omaha, Neb., cultivated for twenty years by Anthony Johnson, has solved the question of the minimum amount of land on which a farmer can rear a family and maintain an average standard of living. Economists and experts argue five to forty acres. Johnson says just one.

When he started Johnson knew little of farming and less of the culture of chickens and bees.

"Because of this I passed through the period of bee diseases and other devastations during my experiences," he said. "Finally I was successful and after ten years added chickens. Pains-taking experiments in bee culture aided in the development of my chickens, although the two were originally widely separated."

Knowledge, system and persistent exactness in all details, Johnson regards as the essentials of success.

## SNAKE GUARDS LITTLE FISH.

Students of natural history would find interesting study in a fish pond at the country home of Dr. John W. Fewkes, Hot Spring, Ark. In the fish pond there is, according to the last census, one large black bass, a school of small fish and one moccasin snake, the latter being, according to those who have viewed the reptile, about four and one-half feet long.

According to the very best and most authentic information the snake has adopted the fish and

against the big bass that has sought to devour the smaller finny tribe.

"I have watched the moccasin," said Dr. Fewkes, "and have seen the snake repel many an attack of the bass, when the bass sought to eat the little fish. The little fish have taken up an aquatic residence in a series of marine bungalows near one bank, with the moccasin as 'lookout.' Across the pond, directly opposite from where the fish can be found, there are some water lilies. The smaller fish like to go over there and feed. They must make their desires known to the moccasin, for the snake can be seen shooting across the pond and driving out the big bass that has taken up his residence among the water lilies. Then back comes the snake for his small charges. He convoys them across the pond and waits until they have fed and then convoys them back again. The smaller fish and the moccasin appear to thoroughly understand each other and the little fish seem to rely entirely upon the snake for protection. The big bass has tried time and again to attack the smaller fish, but the moccasin has been victorious in every battle."

## CAVES IN EUROPE

The largest cave in Ireland is Fingal's Cave, situated on the Island of Staffa, off the coast, and originally formed by the constant washing of the waves. There is very little room to hike around in this cave, for most of the floor is of water, but when the sea is calm a nice boat ride can be taken into its depths. Fingal's Cave is 42 feet wide at the entrance, 22 feet wide at the end and 66 feet high, which, of course, makes it seem quite small after speaking of our big inland caves, but it must be remembered that this cavern was formed by the waves of the sea alone, so this fact makes it very remarkable.

England and Scotland have many caves, though most of them are small. Along the rocky coast of Scotland can be found caverns formed by the waves, but in the Peak Cave, Derbyshire, England, there is much of interest. One peculiar thing about the English caves is the marvelous relics found there, Peak Cave having furnished the greater number. When first explored it contained fossil remains of rhinoceroses, lions, hyenas and other wild beasts now found only in parts of Asia and Africa. This seems to indicate that England was once a tropical country. Stone axes, hammers and other implements also were found, showing that the people of that day lived in caves. Peak Cave is not a very large one, as it is only about a mile in length and 600 feet below the surface.

The deepest cave known in the world is one found near Frederickshall, Norway, it being 11,000 feet. Think of it, almost two miles deep. But it is worth the long trip down into its depths, for many of the wonders of nature are to be seen there. However, when it comes to real beauty and interest there are no caves that can equal our own.

## THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

# LOG RAFT ON THE PACIFIC

A Japanese firm will make an attempt to raft timber from British Columbia to Japan, says the *Scientific American*. The raft will be of the Davis style with a superstructure of piled logs strongly laced. Twenty years ago a raft made the journey from San Francisco to China, favored by exceptional weather.

# TAILOR GETS \$50,000 FOR MENDING TROUSERS

Fifty thousand dollars was the sum Archibald Birse, a tailor, received recently for sewing a rent in a pair of torn trousers for a penniless man. The money represents a part of the estate of Ernest De St. Giles, author and insurance expert, who died in Chicago recently.

Birse said that when St. Giles came to Chicago thirty-four years ago he was without funds and one day came into the tailor's little shop with his trousers torn and asked Birse to mend them on credit. Birse did it and a few days later St. Giles returned with 50 cents and paid him. This was the beginning of a friendship that only ended in death and resulted in the bequest.

## ABOUT THE BANANA

The origin of the banana is probably somewhere in Asia, perhaps the Indo-Malayan region, but its origin is shrouded in mystery. Its history is interlocked with the history of man, and it probably has been under cultivation by him as long as he has existed. There is little doubt that it was one of his first foods. In the process of this long cultivation the original forms seem to have died out and for this reason, too, we now have the seedless fruit (although species with seed exist), propagation being by suckers which appear at the base of the stem. One of these suckers already a good sized plant may be seen near its parent in the Gedran greenhouse.

The leaves of the banana are enormous—7 to 3 feet long and about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  feet wide.

# ORIGIN OF SUCCESSFUL MEN

I have on my desk a list of one thousand successful men of this nation. By "successful" I do not mean mere money-makers, but men who have added a new creation of steam, electricity, transportation, education, art, etc. These are men who have been moral as well as physical men. They construct for better things. How these men started in work is interesting. The first to start in work is a fine study. Three hundred started as laborers; one thousand two hundred started as mechanics; two thousand were clerks; one thousand were painters; one thousand were lumbermen; one thousand were miners; one thousand fifty began at the bottom of rank; one thousand fifty—only fifty—that were in business from the first.

# WINS FIGHT WITH BEAR

Daniel Sherwin, an oil worker in the wilderness south of Olean, N. Y., will hang a piece of iron pipe among the ornaments of the family Christmas tree, he said, in relation to how the metal had helped him beat off an attack by a black bear in Tram Hollow, near the Pennsylvania State line recently.

Sherwin, on the way to his pumping station, came face to face with bruin on the trail. The bear opened the attack with a stroke of its fore-paw which tore away the cloth of Sherwin's coat sleeve and scratched the flesh of his arm. Sherwin brought the piece of iron pipe down on the bear's nose and turned and ran toward a boiler house, some hundred feet away.

Once during the race the bear got close enough to Sherwin to bring its claws down his back, but another blow from the iron pipe saved him, the bear running for the bush as Sherwin fell exhausted at the boiler house door.

A vintage black and white advertisement. At the top, the word 'BOYS!' is repeated three times in large, bold, sans-serif capital letters. Below this, the word 'THROW' is also repeated three times. To the left of the text, a boy is depicted in a dynamic pose, holding a stick and looking towards a small dog. To the right, a man is shown carrying a child on his shoulders. The central text reads 'YOUR VOICE' in large letters, followed by a smaller paragraph: 'Into a tree, under the bed or anywhere. Lots of fun for the Teacher, Preacher or Friends.' Below this, the word 'VENTRilo' is written in a stylized, blocky font. To the left of 'VENTRilo', a small illustration of a boy is shown holding a stick. To the right, a small illustration of a dog is shown. The bottom section of the ad features a large, ornate frame containing the text 'NOVELTY X-RAY WONDER' in large, bold letters. To the right of this, a paragraph describes the product: 'With it you can apparently see the bones in your fingers, hand, in pencil, etc. Lots of fun with this outfit.' Below this, another paragraph states: 'All the above sent by mail for only 15c.' At the very bottom, the text 'VENTRilo COMPANY' is followed by 'Dept. 346, South Norwalk, Conn.' and 'LARGEST and OLDEST Mail Order House in Connecticut.'

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What are the 9 names of countries? The letters are mixed, yet you can make out every name by studying. The first is SCOTLAND. Now try for all. Send your list in a letter or on a postal card with your name and address. A REWARD will be mailed you FREE with other surprises. It's a VAST and PROFITABLE OPPORTUNITY wherever you are. It's a good pleasure. Act now.

THE ALBRO COMPANY  
Ave. 116, Station 1, New York

FIND MANY  
PINS IN  
HUMAN  
APPENDICES.

Among the objects found by surgeons in the human appendix pins are far the most numerous. Dr. S. A. Mahoney reports to the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal the results of an investigation he has been making into the accounts of operations on the appendix, and it will astonish most people to know that foreign bodies are rarely found in that organ.

Dr. Mahoney was able to list only eighty-six cases in the literature of about two centuries, although there are many cases in which fecal concretions were found. Of the eighty-six cases of true foreign bodies, forty were those in which pins were found.

The pin may enter either by its point or by its head, and may lie in the appendix in any direction. It generally does no harm for a long time, but finally perforates the appendix with its point and causes an abscess. Then the trouble is felt.

Dr. Mahoney says that more pins are found in the appendices of males than of females and they are most frequent in children under ten years of age.

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### Military

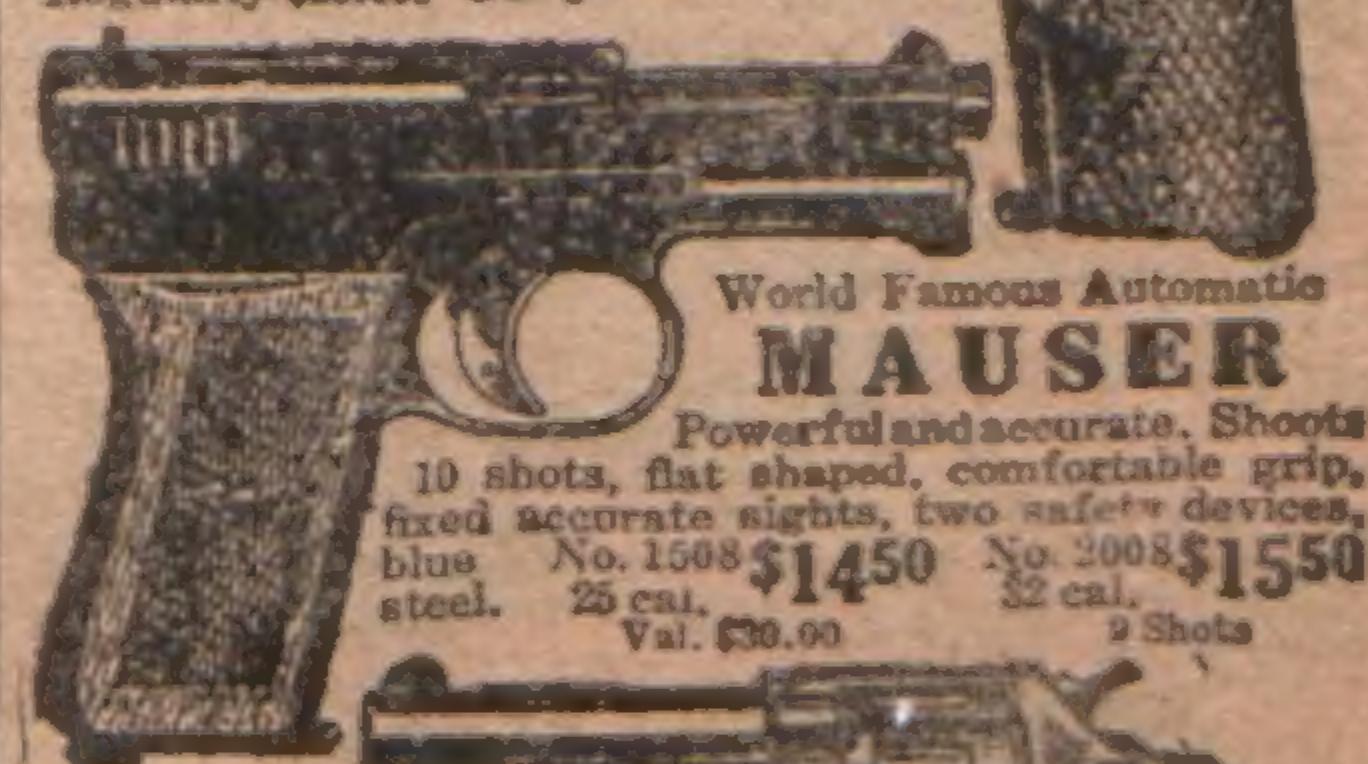
Model—Shoots

### 10 Shots

without reloading

### FREE extra magazine (worth \$1.50)

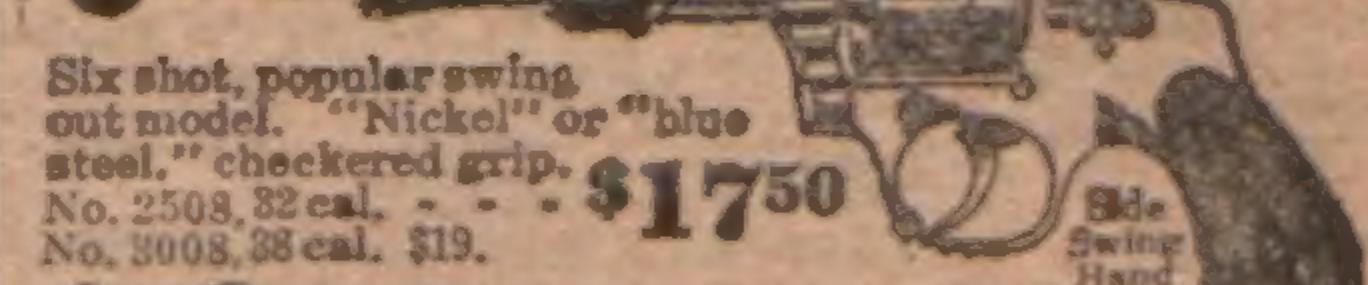
No. 1008, 32 cal. This Military model is slightly larger than the \$11.00 automatic. Blue steel \$12. Regularly \$25.00. Our price - - -



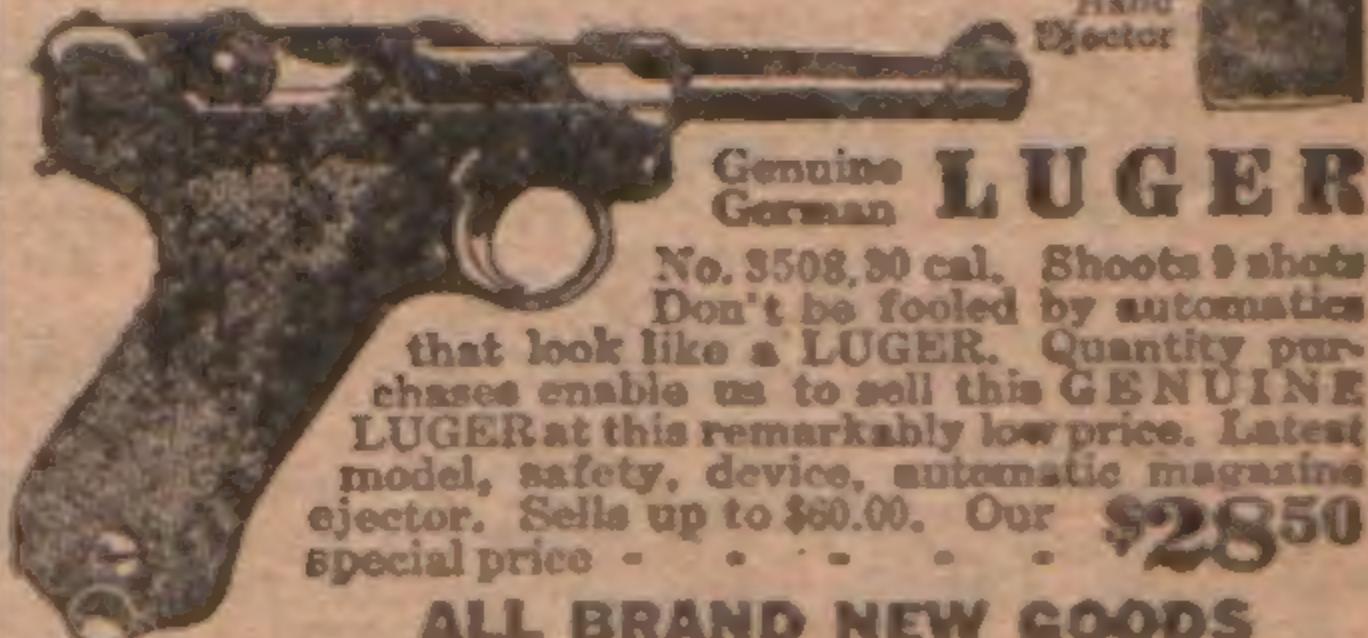
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## KANGAROOS SEEN IN THE WEST OF YAKIMA

Kangaroos are roaming the remote hills east of the Yakima Indian reservation, where none was ever seen before.

As circuses are rare in the Northwest, "redskins" who have seen the queer creatures leaping high on their hind legs and with their tails are badly frightened and superstitious lest some new power has invaded their domain.

It is believed the kangaroos are from a private menagerie once kept in Yakima and from which a male and female escaped.

Now, reports are frequently made here and in nearby towns of seeing the two adult animals crossing the hills with three little kangaroos in their train. It is not certain yet as to whether these five are the only ones or there are other families.

The nature of the vegetation along the valley of the Columbia River and the semi-arid climate makes this section an ideal habitat for kangaroos. As they are harmless and live on forage of little use to man and disdained by beasts, it is the hope here that no one will molest them.

## A WISE BEAR

According to the stories told by Arctic explorers and whalers, polar bears — like many other animals of the Far North that have a hard time finding food — show an unusual reasoning faculty.

A whaler tells of planning to capture a polar bear by means of a slipnoose arranged about a bait. The noose caught one of the bear's paws, but the animal worked itself loose and carried away the bait. The sailor set the noose again, but this time the bear pushed the rope away before venturing near the bait. The third time the sailor covered the noose with snow, but the bear scraped about till he found the rope and again dragged it to one side.

Another story tells of a polar bear's cleverness in catching a seal. The seal had climbed through a hole in the ice, but was keeping near the edge in order to be able to plunge in at the approach of danger. The bear saw the seal from a distance and knew that there was no chance to steal across the ice and attack its prey. Accordingly the bear entered the water through another hole a considerable distance away, swam under the ice to the hole through which the seal had emerged and seized the luckless animal.

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# He thought he could throw me—



Dear Tom: You know how Ted Brown has always been saying he could throw me with one hand tied behind him, if he wanted to, and you know how he's always bullying the kids smaller'n he is. Well yesterday, he and I had it out. Gee, I wish you'd been there. You know how much bigger Ted is than I. Well, right off the bat he grabbed hold of me and pretty nearly busted me in half. He thought he had me licked dead easy—

but—

but I wriggled around and got a hold on him that I'd learned from the Farmer Burns School of Wrestling. The next second —KERFLOP, and I had Mister Ted Brown on the ground, tied up so he couldn't move and yelling for me to quit. Gee, Tom, wrestling has it all over boxing for defending yourself. Why it's a cinch to handle a fellow half as big again as you are if you know the secret holds. If I were you I'd write to Farmer Burns. See you next week. So long—FRED.

## Learn Wrestling Secrets

from Worlds Champions *Farmer Burns and Frank Gotch*

Learn the marvelous holds, breaks, blocks, and tricks that will enable you to handle big, strong men with ease. Here is a wonderful opportunity long waited for by young men and boys of America. The renowned FARMER BURNS—"father of scientific wrestling" and the greatest scientific wrestler ever known, and FRANK GOTCH the world's champion of champions, prepared a series of lessons in which they have revealed the inside secrets of training that will make YOU, too, an expert wrestler. All the great secrets of self-defense and jiu-jitsu illustrated by printed word and picture. The lessons teach you how to become a great athlete, and secret knowledge enabling you to throw boys and men far larger and stronger than yourself—how to deal with bullies and ruffians so they will positively fear you. Best of all, you can learn in your own home, in your spare time!

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